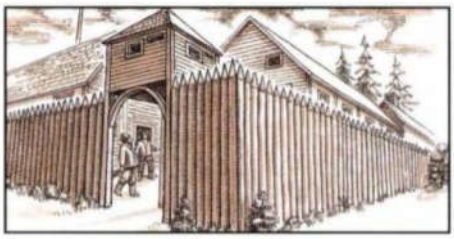
April / May 1995 $4.50

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

War on Lake Ontario
Arctic Rescue
Mr King and Quebec



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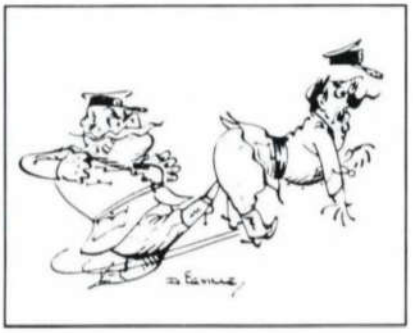

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THE BEAVER
Exploring Canada's History

April/May 1995 Vol. 75:2

2 EXPLORATIONS
Christopher Dafoe: Annals of *The Beaver*.

4 WAR ON LAKE ONTARIO
A costly victory at Oswego, 1814.
BY ROBERT MALCOMSON

14 RESCUE MISSION
Canadian soldiers and airmen in an arctic ordeal.
BY HUGH A. HALLIDAY

26 QUEBEC & CONSCRIPTION
The death of Ernest Lapointe and a fateful change of policy.
BY JOHN MACFARLANE

32 MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AT ONION LAKE
Two union men went missing. Was it murder?
BY LAUREL SEFTON MACDOWELL

35 REFLECTIONS ON THE NORTH
From *The Beaver*, December 1936.
BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

40 BOOKS / 49 THE PACKET

53 WRITERS OF HISTORY
Christopher Moore on Multiculturalism.

ON THE COVER:

Detail from an illustration by Captain William Steele, said to show Commodore Yeo observing an action through his telescope in the War of 1812. Metro Toronto Public Library/ John Ross Robertson Collection.

Annals of *The Beaver*

In September 1935, John Buchan, the author of *The 39 Steps, Mr. Standfast* and *Montrose,* newly-created Lord Tweedsmuir and soon to be Governor General of Canada, wrote to the current Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at company headquarters in London: "My Dear Ashley Cooper, what a capital magazine *The Buffalo* is! I have read every word of it. Thank you for sending it to me."

It may well be that Tweedsmuir, who would soon be published in *The Beaver* himself, read everything except the title on the cover, but the editor in Winnipeg resisted the possibly inadvertent vice-regal hint and decided not to change the name of the magazine to *The Buffalo.*

Tweedsmuir's admiration for the magazine was shared by others. As early as 1932, the Venerable A.L. Fleming, then Anglican Archdeacon of the Arctic, noted that the Hudson's Bay Company's *"Beaver"* was gaining a favourable reputation, "even outside of the Company's employees." In 1933, "Bookman", writing in the *Winnipeg Free Press,* reported that "*The Beaver* has become a treasure house of HBC history".

By 1935 the magazine was attracting a considerable amount of attention and the editor, Douglas MacKay, found that he had a problem. Writing in "The Packet" in the December issue, the editor noted that "During 1935 *The Beaver* threatened to get out of hand." Public interest had been much greater than expected:

> When the magazine (now starting its fifteenth year) took on its present form in September 1933 (No. 2, Outfit 264), we considered it possible that a few who were not in the Company's service might be interested in the book. We looked about and collected some names. There was Smith, he had always been a good customer, and Jones was an old friend, and Black, who helped some of our fellows once, and White, whose father had been a chief factor. So the list was put together, between two and three thousand names in all. The first numbers brought friendly, generous comments and suggestions for additions to the distribution. It was naturally pleasant to see the widening reader interest in the Company's story, but by 1935 we found that we had a distribution of almost 10,500 copies of each issue. Early in the game a subscription charge of one dollar per year was fixed for *The Beaver* in Eastern Canada, U.S. and abroad, and by this year the mail was bringing in eight to ten unsolicited subscribers a week. Meanwhile requests for *The Beaver* from friends and customers in the West have been streaming in. It has become necessary to place some restrictions upon the distribution of *The Beaver.* The existing complimentary list will not, for the present, be disturbed, but anyone wishing to receive *The Beaver* in future will be obliged to pay the modest dollar a year subscription. *The Beaver* will continue to be edited and published primarily in the interests of the men and women in the Company's service. It will continue to be a magazine of the North, with something of interest for all of us who live and work in the north half of this North American continent."

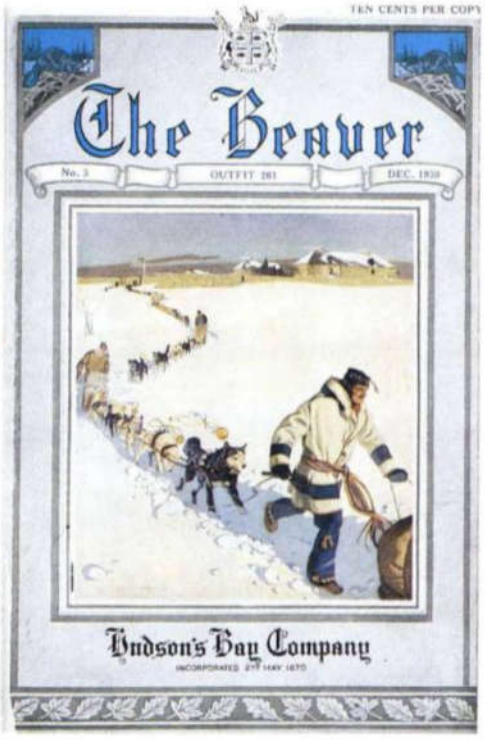
MacKay's problem was one that would be shared by subsequent editors of *The Beaver.* While the magazine itself was becoming, increasingly, something far more than a "house organ", many HBC merchants could not understand why the company was producing what was, in effect, a "commercial" magazine. The HBC, after all, was not really in the magazine business. It traded in furs, it sold shoes, coats and hats, but there was nothing about entering the publishing business in the Charter of 1670 or in any subsequent statement of company policy. There was also a widely held view — that would persist — that there was not enough in the magazine about current activities in the South. It was all very well writing about Radisson and Hearne and the men in the modern posts in the North, but what about the store in Vancouver or the new grocery department in Calgary?

After MacKay's death in 1937 there seem to have been fresh attempts to pour a bit of cold water over "the romance of the fur trade" in favour of other HBC activities. In a letter to HQ in early 1939 the General Manager of the Retail Stores Department outlined his objections to the status quo:

> In the first place, I am not satisfied that *The Beaver* is devoting enough space to the retail stores. It should be possible in each issue to run one interesting article on the stores — new buildings, improvements in service, personnel policies, and so forth. The Packet notes should always carry at least one or two items on the stores. It is going to be our policy, during 1939, to see that this is done.

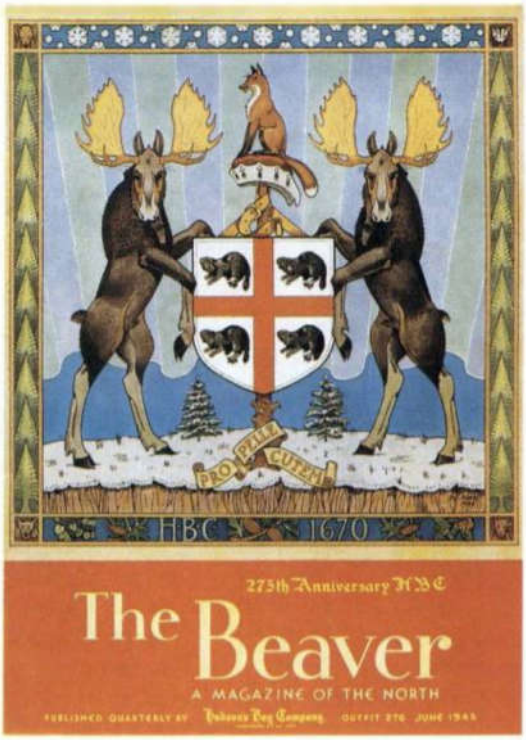
The question was one that was on the mind of Clifford Wilson, the new editor, when he sat down to consider magazine policy in 1941. Noting that MacKay

had written that *The Beaver* would be published primarily for people in the HBC service, Wilson stressed that the situation had changed. The number of paid subscribers had increased considerably. "Under these conditions," Wilson wrote in a memorandum, "the primary object of *The Beaver* should be to interest outsiders, rather than the staff. Matters that only concern people in the Company should be relegated to the staff publications." *The Beaver,* Wilson argued, should cover "the Canadian frontier, past and present, and the history of the Company from its earliest times." The Managing Director at Canadian headquarters, Philip Chester, Wilson noted, "does not agree that to be eligible for *The Beaver,* an article must refer to the Company in one



way or another." Clearly the old battle about "HBC stories only" was still being fought, but Chester's support of Wilson freed *The Beaver* from old restraints. Chester continued to regard the magazine as part of the company's public relations effort, but the degree of freedom given to Wilson and subsequent editors of *The Beaver* ensured that the magazine would never become a mere organ of HBC propaganda and self-advertisement.

Nevertheless, the argument continued. In a contribution to The Packet for June 1944, Wilson complained: "There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to the exact character of this magazine. Some people refer



to it as a house organ, others as a staff paper, and still others as — of all things — a trade journal." The editor's frustration and testiness are clearly evident as he continues: "Anyone who thinks that *The Beaver* is devoted exclusively to the operations of the HBC has only to count the pages in this issue in which the Company is not even mentioned. Of the eleven articles listed in the table of contents, seven, totalling twenty eight pages, do not once refer to the Hudson's Bay Company". (It is a problem that persists. The current editor of *The Beaver* continues to receive submissions in which hopeful authors manage to weave in references to the Hudson's Bay Company even though the topic under study has nothing to do with the HBC and even though the HBC no longer publishes *The Beaver.*)

In October 1944, Wilson, writing to a contributor in London, England, spoke of the progress of the magazine: "*The Beaver* now has a circulation of about 13,600, of which less than 3,000 go to the staff. The bulk of our readers is made up of people who either have been in the North and have pleasant memories of it — or people who would like to go there and want to know more about it." The circulation figure, modest by the standards of today, was remarkable for a specialized magazine in wartime. With the coming of peace, the magazine would continue to grow and enhance its reputation. The former "house organ" was on its way to becoming a Canadian institution. ◆

War on Lake Ontario:

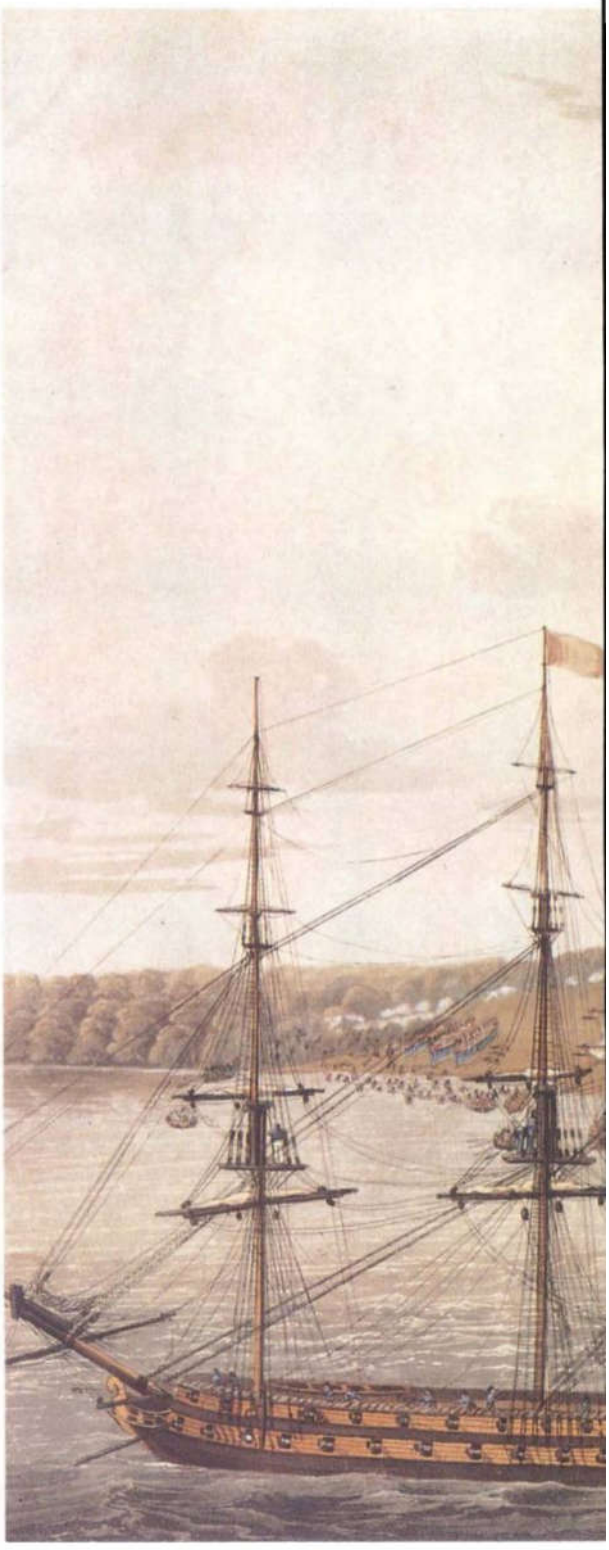
By Robert Malcomson

After the American declaration that began the War of 1812, British troops were primarily limited to defending Upper Canada against armies invading from the United States. The tide turned, however, as the conflict entered its third year. In the spring of 1814 the British were ready to take the war to the Americans.

Lieutenant General Gordon Drummond had taken command of the military forces in Upper Canada late in 1813. During the winter he was able to strengthen and re-organize the various regiments situated between the Niagara Peninsula and Cornwall in preparation for the new campaign. The Royal Navy squadron on Lake Ontario had made some significant improvements, too. Under the leadership of Commodore Sir James Lucas Yeo the shipyard at Kingston produced two new and powerful warships and a number of gunboats. A reinforcement of naval officers and seamen had tramped overland from Saint John, New Brunswick, adding to the strength of the fleet. Additional regiments and Royal Navy crews were expected to arrive soon from England.

South of the border, the Americans were not nearly as well prepared to re-open hostilities. Their armies had yet to accomplish the conquest of Upper Canada, a goal they had planned to achieve by the end of 1812. Even as April merged into May, President James Madison and his war cabinet had not decided how and when to strike against their enemy. Commodore Isaac Chauncey was working industriously at Sackets Harbour to expand his squadron, but the work had not been commenced until January and it was being hampered by the slow delivery of stores and materiel.

Gordon Drummond and James Yeo knew the time was ripe for attack. They also concluded that Chauncey's base at Sackets was the ideal target. If they could gain control of Lake Ontario by destroying his warships or disabling his shipyard, they could transport an army to any point on the northern border of New York State with impunity. It would also be much easier to supply an army sent to dislodge the Americans who occupied southwest Upper Canada.



The action at Oswego as depicted by Lieutenant John Hewett of the Royal Marines, published in London, 1815. Among other incidents of the day, Captain Mulcaster's party is seen attacking the fort on its western side.

A Costly Victory at Oswego, 1814

National Archives of Canada

Early in April Drummond suggested such an attack to Sir George Prevost, Governor General of British North America and Captain General of the armed forces stationed there. Prevost indicated his approval for the idea, but recommended that up-to-date information be obtained about the strength of defences at Sackets Harbour.

British spies reported that 1,800 troops and between 1,500 and 2,000 seamen were stationed at Sackets. Drummond, Yeo and their staffs met to discuss the logistics for an assault against the military fortifications and the shipyard. They proposed to the governor general on 27 April that a brigade of approximately 4,000 men be assembled at Kingston for the mission. It would take at least two weeks to transport regiments from garrisons as far away as York and Cornwall, as well as collecting the heavy field guns and provisions that would be needed. While the process of congregating the attack force was being conducted, Drummond and Yeo planned to cruise along the American shore of the lake and, possibly, make a raid against Oswego.

Sir George Prevost considered the proposal and rejected it. On 30 April he explained in writing to Drummond that:

> The views of His Majesty's Government respecting the mode of conducting the war with America do not justify my exposing too much at one stake. It is by wary measures and occasional daring enterprises, with apparently disproportionate means, that the character of the war has been sustained, and from that policy I am not disposed to depart.

On this occasion, as on others, Prevost proved to be a commander-in-chief who was hesitant to commit his forces to ambitious endeavours. He stated his belief that a major attack against Sackets Harbour would require him to move additional troops to Upper Canada from the lower province, a step he was not willing to take. Sir George was also hoping that an armistice being negotiated with the Americans (contrary to Drummond's and Yeo's advice) might bring a halt to the war. As a concession, he closed his letter with: "I do not wish ... to restrain him [Commodore Yeo] from any operations he may have in view."

Lieutenant General Drummond responded to Prevost's refusal by submitting the proposal again and emphatically expressing the justifications for it. As that message was carried to Prevost's headquarters at Montreal, Drummond and Yeo put together the elements for a raid on Oswego. That small port near the southwest corner of the Lake Ontario shoreline was the trans-shipment point for heavy ordnance and stores sent from New York to Sackets Harbour. If that depot could be disrupted Commodore Chauncey's shipbuilding efforts would be stifled.

Robert Malcomson photo

A lieutenant of the First U.S. Artillery Regiment wore a single epaulet and a red sash on a blue coat. Officers in George Mitchell's 3rd Artillery companies dressed in a manner similar to the uniform worn by this re-enactor at Old Fort Niagara.

On Tuesday, 3 May, a brigade was embarked aboard Yeo's squadron. It comprised four hundred and fifty infantrymen of the De Watteville Regiment, a company of fifty men from the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles, twenty-four Royal Artillerists, twenty Sappers from the Engineer Corps and six Rocketeers. Already quartered in the warships were more than four hundred Royal Marines from the Second Marine Battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel James Malcolm. The warships themselves were short of their normal complements of seamen; in total the crews numbered just over one thousand officers and men.

The next morning at four o'clock the squadron, including two frigates, two corvettes, three brigs and several gunboats, set sail from Kingston. John Le Couteur, a lieutenant in the 104th Regiment stationed at the town, joined the crowds of locals who watched the departure. "The fleet sailed this morning," he remarked in his diary. "The *Regent* [Yeo's 60-gun flagship] looked a Superb ship on the water going out in grand style under a Royal salute. They did not get out of Sight all day for want of wind."

The village of Oswego was made up of fewer than thirty homes built on the west side of the mouth of the Oswego River (later known as the Onondaga.) A sand

and gravel bar limited travel up the river to vessels with shallow draught, but inside the bar was a wide and deep harbour. Wharves jutted into the bay and storehouses lined the shore. Down the Oswego River came produce from inland regions. Salt from Salina had been a prime cargo before the war; thousands of barrels were commonly stacked at the port and the portage landings above the roughest portions of the river.

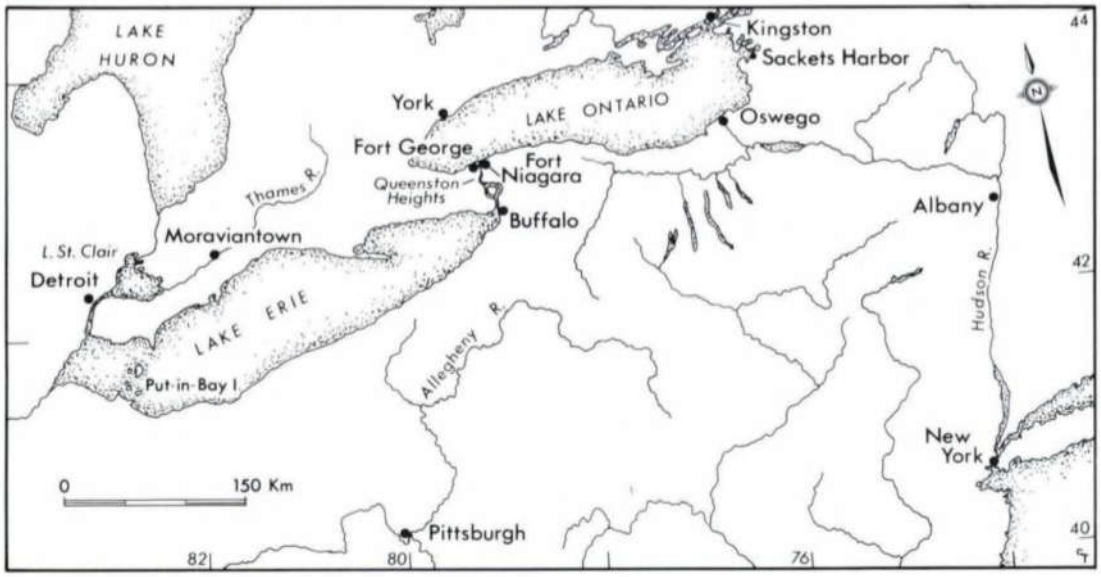
Commodore Chauncey supplied his fleet with munitions from New York which were carried up the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers to Utica and Rome. Some of the cargo went overland from those places to the lake, at exorbitant prices. The heaviest cannons, cables, anchors and such were conducted in large bateaux through the canals that connected the Mohawk to the Lake Oneida system and from there down the rapid-strewn Oswego River.

During the first week of May 1814 a detachment of twenty-five officers and men from the United States Navy was stationed at Oswego under the command of Commandant Melancthon Woolsey. Their task was to hurry shipments down the river and to load them aboard small schooners that sailed quickly around the shoreline to Sackets, a distance of about ninety kilometres. They had already forwarded seven cannon, ammunition and a couple of ponderous cables by the morning of 5 May when lookouts announced that a bank of sails could be seen approaching from the north.

Commandant Woolsey knew immediately that he was in a very precarious situation. Anchored in the bay or tied up at the wharves were several bateaux and four

Toronto Historical Board — Fort York

An officer in the Glengarry Light Infantry Fencible Regiment ready to use his sabre. The uniform of the regiment was patterned on the outfit worn by the 95th Rifle Regiment. The red sash is thought to symbolize the Scottish origins of many Glengarry men.



Metro Toronto Library / J.R. Robertson Collection

Commodore Sir James Lucas Yeo (1782-1818) arrived at Kingston with 450 Royal Navy officers and men in May 1813. By the time of his recall in 1815 the strength of the Lake Ontario squadron had more than quadrupled.

National Archives of Canada

Lieutenant General Gordon Drummond (1771-1854) was born in Canada and entered the army at age 18. He was in Ireland in the summer of 1813 when he was asked to go to Canada as Sir George Prevost's second-in-command.

schooners, only one of which, the *Growler,* was armed. Woolsey and his men were in the process of loading the vessels with materiel meant for Sackets. Seven long guns, more that 500 rounds of shot, almost 100 bars of iron, eight barrels of gunpowder, seventy coils of rope and cables and much more were stacked on the wharves or already aboard the boats. The nearby warehouses were filled with hundreds of casks of food.

In addition to Woolsey's small detachment there were four companies from the 3rd Artillery Regiment, numbering about 300 men, led by Lieutenant Colonel George E. Mitchell, and three or four militia companies posted at Oswego. Their quarters were in a fortification located on a rise of land on the east side of the river across from the village. The fort, which had been established originally by the British in the mid-1700s, was not strongly endowed. Four cannons were mounted on the ramparts that formed three sides of the structure. A fosse, or dry moat, bordered the earthen walls, except on the inland side where only a low embrasure had been thrown up.

Woolsey and Mitchell discussed their circumstances and, apart from readying their men for a battle, decided to attempt a ruse by removing a few dozen tents from one of the storehouses and pitching them in front of the village. They hoped that the British might misinterpret the strength of the garrison and turn away. If a landing was made, they planned to oppose their enemy as long as possible and then retreat eighteen kilometres upriver to a landing where naval stores were stockpiled.

A weak and baffling westerly breeze pushed the British fleet so sluggishly over the one hundred kilometres of water between Kingston and Oswego that it was not until one o'clock Thursday afternoon that they arrived within a kilometre of the shore. In order to feel out the strength of the enemy's defences, a naval detachment was sent inshore to draw the American fire. Commander Edward Collier stepped down from his brig, the *Magnet,* into one of the gunboats and led the flotilla toward the mouth of the Oswego River. In short order the Americans greeted them with salvoes from the cannons in the fort. Undaunted, Collier coolly approached the encampment on the village side of the river and discovered the ruse, for only a weak volley of musketry offered any opposition. Commodore Yeo and Lieutenant General Drummond watched the reception given to the gunboats and listened to Collier's comments when he later arrived on board HMS *Prince Regent.* It appeared that an assault would be feasible, so the operation was ordered to proceed.

It was around 6:00 P.M. that the first of the troops began to embark in the landing craft. One or more of the smaller ships appeared to have been sent to bombard the fort. While those manoeuvres were underway the navy men kept a close eye on a threatening mass of clouds

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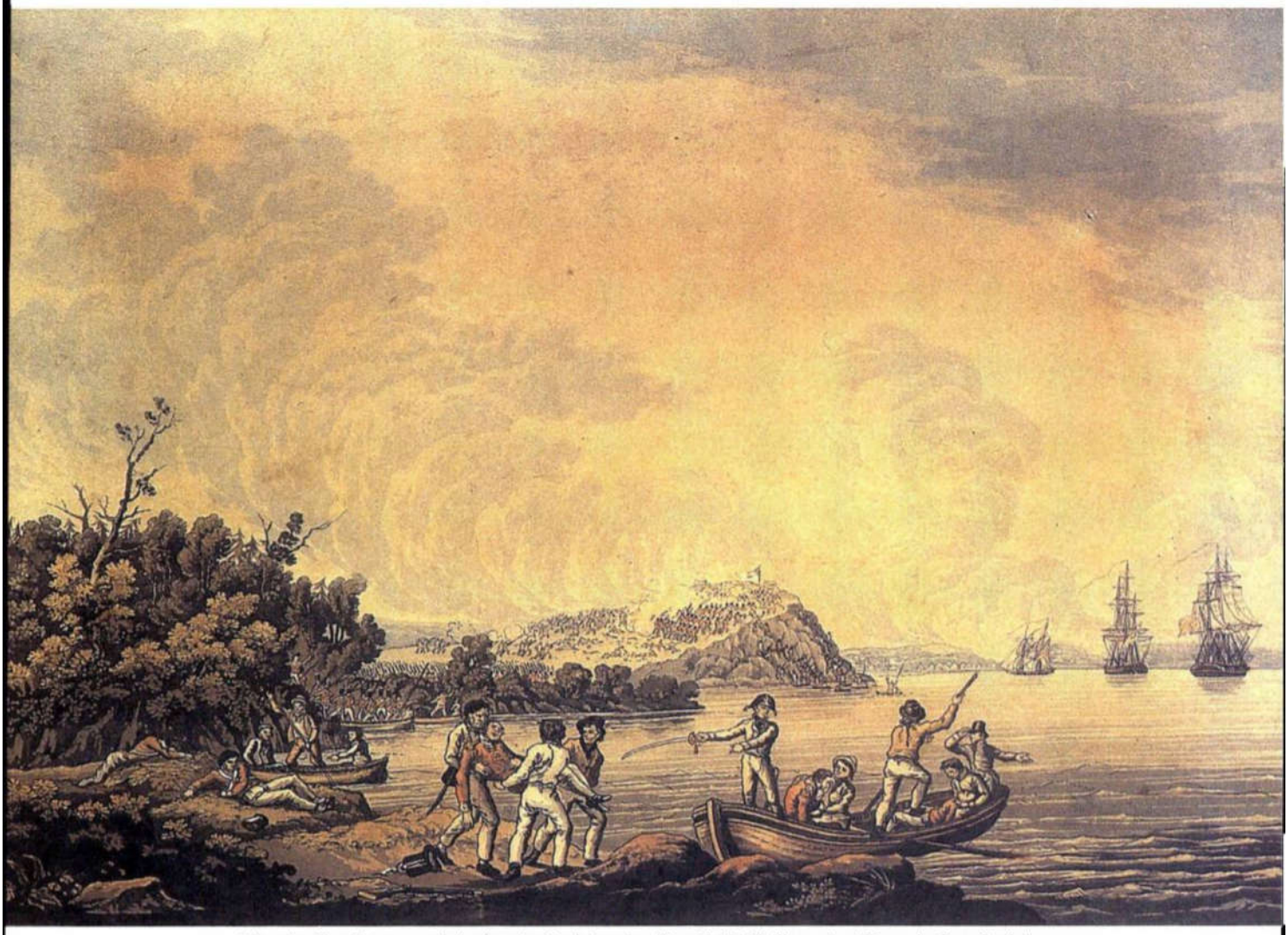

"Storming Fort Oswego, on Lake Ontario, North America, May 6th 1814". Illustration "Drawn by Capt. Steele".

approaching from the northeast. As the boats were filled with the landing party, the wind rose and finally prompted Yeo to advise Drummond that the fleet might be endangered by the strong onshore breezes. Rather than risk the fleet, upon which so much depended, Gordon Drummond called off the attack. The soldiers climbed back aboard the warships, where anchors were then raised and the fleet followed the commodore to less threatening waters away from the shore.

Woolsey and Mitchell watched the British sail away into the falling darkness as the storm swept inland. It would seem that they assumed that the attack had been cancelled, for no attempt was made that night to remove the naval munitions and equipment to a safer position up the river. Early that morning Woolsey had dispatched a messenger with a note for Commodore Chauncey. At Sackets the unmistakable thunder of heavy ordnance in the southwest had been heard from mid-afternoon until dark and receipt of Woolsey's note confirmed the commodore's suspicions. Early on 6 May a detachment of dragoons and riflemen was ordered to head for Oswego in aid of the garrison.

The bad weather off Oswego cleared before midnight on 5 May and signal lights aboard the *Prince Regent* directed the fleet to retrace its course. The troops and crews were roused from their brief slumbers and, as the warships glided toward shore, embarkation into the landing craft began again. The time was 2:00 A.M. on Friday, 6 May.

Command of the attack was given to Lieutenant Colonel Victor Fischer of the De Watteville Regiment. He was to land with the Royal Marines, the Glengarries and the Grenadier and Light Companies of his own regiment, while the majority of the De Wattevilles were kept as reserves aboard the fleet in case a second wave of attackers was needed. The process of loading the

Captain William Howe Mulcaster (1785-1837) was Yeo's first lieutenant aboard HMS "Confiance" when Yeo led an expedition to oust the French from Guiana in 1809. Source unknown, photographed by Robert Malcomson from R. Way "The Day at Crysler's Farm".

small boats and positioning the ships in their designated locations was long and tedious, a perfect example of the warrior's cliche: "Hurry up and wait." The troops were embarked by about 3:00 A.M., and assembling around the brig *Charwell.* It was not until 6:00 A.M. that the corvettes, *Montreal* and *Niagara,* managed to anchor near enough to the garrison to begin a bombardment and three more hours passed before the *Princess Charlotte* anchored in five fathoms of water opposite the fort. The brig *Magnet* crept toward the village side of the river's mouth. A second flotilla of boats, containing about two hundred seamen under the command of Captain William Howe Mulcaster, gathered around the brig *Star* in readiness for launching a flanking attack on the fort. Around noon the landing craft, led by the *Charwell,* headed for the shore. By that time most of the marines and infantrymen had been waiting in the boats for ten hours.

The first broadside from the long 24-pounders aboard the *Princess Charlotte,* fired around 1:00 P.M., appeared to have announced the formal beginning of the attack. The cannons in the garrison were already engaging the *Montreal* and *Niagara,* throwing heated round shot into their dry timbers, setting more than one dangerous fire. Navy Lieutenant John Pearce and a few men had gone aboard the U.S. schooner *Growler,* and scuttled it in the mouth of the river, hoping to prevent easy access to the inner harbour. Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell had deployed two companies of his men, supplemented by militia corps, on the slope to the east of the fort and among the woods behind the open ground where the British were obviously intending to land.

Around 2:00 P.M. the first of the heavily laden boats grounded on the sandy bottom well out from shore. The officers led their men over the gunwales to plunge into the water up to their waists. American musketry and clouds of grape shot from the fort greeted them. The single 18-pounder long gun on the *Charwell* returned the welcome with salvoes of its own. The brig also carried a dozen carronades, but the extended shoals probably forced its captain, Alexander Dobbs, to anchor beyond the range of those weapons.

Gunboats were also used to ferry the men ashore and to cover their landing. No descriptive reference to these craft was made in the official reports of the battle, but three of the boats, *Cleopatra, Nelly* and *Lais,* had been launched recently at Kingston and were probably employed on the mission. The American colonel, George Mitchell, later noted that one of the boats had been damaged during Collier's reconnaisance the previous day and abandoned by the British. He recorded that it was sixty feet long, was powered by three sails and thirty-six oars and had room enough to carry 130 men. The gunboats usually carried single cannons in their bows and carronades near their sterns. Due to their shallow, flat draught, they could lay down a protective barrage by approaching the beach more closely than the deeper-hulled *Charwell* could.

Beneath a storm of round shot, cannister and grape, the British marines and infantrymen waded ashore. Their officers ordered them into their ranks by company. Lieutenant Colonel Fischer was among the first to land and quickly dispatched the fifty Glengarries under Captain Alexander McMillan to dislodge the Americans who were firing on the troops from the cover of the forest. It appears that the two companies of De Wattevilles were among the first to wade ashore and suffered numerous casualties under the sniping Americans.

McMillan's men were perfectly adapted to the task. Early in 1812 the regiment had been raised among the Scottish settlers of Glengarry County in eastern Upper Canada and the men knew well how to fight in the forest. They had already earned respect in meetings with the Americans at Ogdensburg, York and Stoney Creek. McMillan's "Light" Company, trained for skirmishes that required independent action, filed among the trees, their green uniforms blending into the foliage. They pressed their attack and the Americans soon withdrew from the woods.

On the open ground at the landing Lieutenant Colonel

Fischer was directing the formation of his line. The ranks of red-coated Royal Marines stood at the centre of the corps overseen by Lieutenant Colonel James Malcolm, while the De Wattevilles took a position on the right and the Glengarries covered the left flank. As the officers checked their individual companies and the first volleys were fired at the Americans standing in a thin blue line in front of the fort, Lieutenant General Drummond and Commodore Yeo arrived at the shore. About fifteen minutes after two o'clock, the British began their slow and steady advance up the long slope to the eastern rampart of the fort.

While Fischer's brigade moved forward, William Mulcaster was leading his seamen up the shorter and steeper ascent on the western flank of the garrison. The American defence had been concentrated at the opposite side of the fort, so the navy fighters did not face a strong opposition. Nevertheless two seamen were killed and three others wounded. Captain Mulcaster confirmed the reputation he had gained as an irrefutable fire-eater during the previous decade when he had served as first lieutenant to the equally zealous Captain Yeo. He ran toward the enemy at the vanguard of his men, but on this day Mulcaster's luck ran out. A musket ball tore through his upper leg and exited through the seat of his trousers, leaving a gaping wound. Mulcaster collapsed in agony as Lieutenant John Scott assumed command and urged the men forward to avenge their captain.

Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell withdrew his artillerists and militiamen to the fort in the face of the hundreds of marines and infantrymen moving relentlessly up the eastern hill. Their defence had hurt the British. The much revered Captain William Holtaway died at the head of his company of Royal Marines, as did an anonymous young drummer. Death and injury came to more than six dozen men, the gaps in the advancing files being closed up quickly by the subalterns.

The British pace quickened as they neared the fort and soon they were plunging down into the fosse and then scrambling up the earthen embankments and onto the ramparts. Marine Lieutenant James Laurie claimed renown for being the first Briton over the walls, but he was quickly followed by the crowds of red and green coats that rushed forward to kill or capture the Americans who were making their retreat via the rear of the fort. Another Royal Marine lieutenant, John Hewett, who would later illustrate the stages of the battle, raced to the flag pole and climbed to its peak where Old Glory had been nailed for its preservation. Clinging to his precarious perch, Hewett tore the enormous flag from its spikes and dragged it to the ground. Sir James Yeo remarked later that the American standard had been "taken in a manner unparalleled in history."

The fighting lasted for approximately half an hour. By 2:45 P.M. the Americans were in full retreat. George

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Captain General Sir George Prevost (1767-1816) assumed the governor generalship of British North America in 1811. His relationship with his army and navy commanders was touchy.

Mitchell had realized that the sheer size of his enemy's brigade spelled doom for his garrison. After a stiff and very effective defence, he signalled the withdrawal and hustled his troops away from the fort. Commandant Woolsey had apparently remained near the wharves by the village. When the strength of the British attack became obvious, Woolsey gave orders to scuttle the schooners laying inside the harbour in hopes of putting their cargoes beyond British hands. Woolsey had waited too long, however, and the job was only partially done when he and his remaining seamen headed for the rendezvous at a cataract eighteen kilometres upriver.

Within minutes the British swarmed into the village, seizing the wharves and securing the adjoining storehouses. Naval parties managed to refloat the *Growler* and two of the other schooners. Nine pieces of ordnance were discovered, while a number of other cannons were destroyed or sunk in the harbour. Rigging materials were discovered and more than one thousand barrels containing flour, pork, potatoes, salt and tallow, were rolled out of the warehouses and into boats that ferried them out to the fleet.

Commodore Yeo arrived at the village to inspect the plunder. He encountered Alvin Bronson, a local merchant who also served as a contractor for Commodore Chauncey. Yeo wanted Bronson to find pilots who

U.S. Naval Historical Centre

Commandant Melancthon Woolsey (1780-1838) was more familiar with Lake Ontario than any other officer in Commodore Chauncey's fleet. He had been sent to Oswego in 1808 to supervise the construction of the U.S. Navy's first armed vessel on the lake.

could guide the British prize crews through the narrow channel that crossed the bar choking the harbour. Bronson refused, saying all the pilots had run off. "Go yourself," Yeo is reputed to have demanded, "and if you get the boat aground I'll shoot you."

Alvin Bronson did not obey Yeo's order, nor did he reveal any knowledge he may have had of goods that had been hidden in the woods or of other large depots of stores. Rather than receiving a musket ball, Bronson was declared a prisoner and taken out to the *Prince Regent* where he found himself detained for the better part of two months.

While the business of removing the captured goods went on, attention was also given to those who had fallen. The British dead and some of the wounded were taken out to the fleet. The most seriously injured were taken to a makeshift surgery in one of the barracks in the fort. Captain Mulcaster was carried into the guardhouse and was soon visited by a surgeon named Carlisle. His immediate prognosis of Mulcaster's wound was bleak. It skirted the groin muscle above his thigh and was, therefore, beyond a point of amputation, the most effective treatment of penetrating wounds. Mulcaster asked for the truth from Carlisle and was told he might live for two hours. "Then make haste," declared Mulcaster faintly, "give me a sheet of paper and let me write a letter."

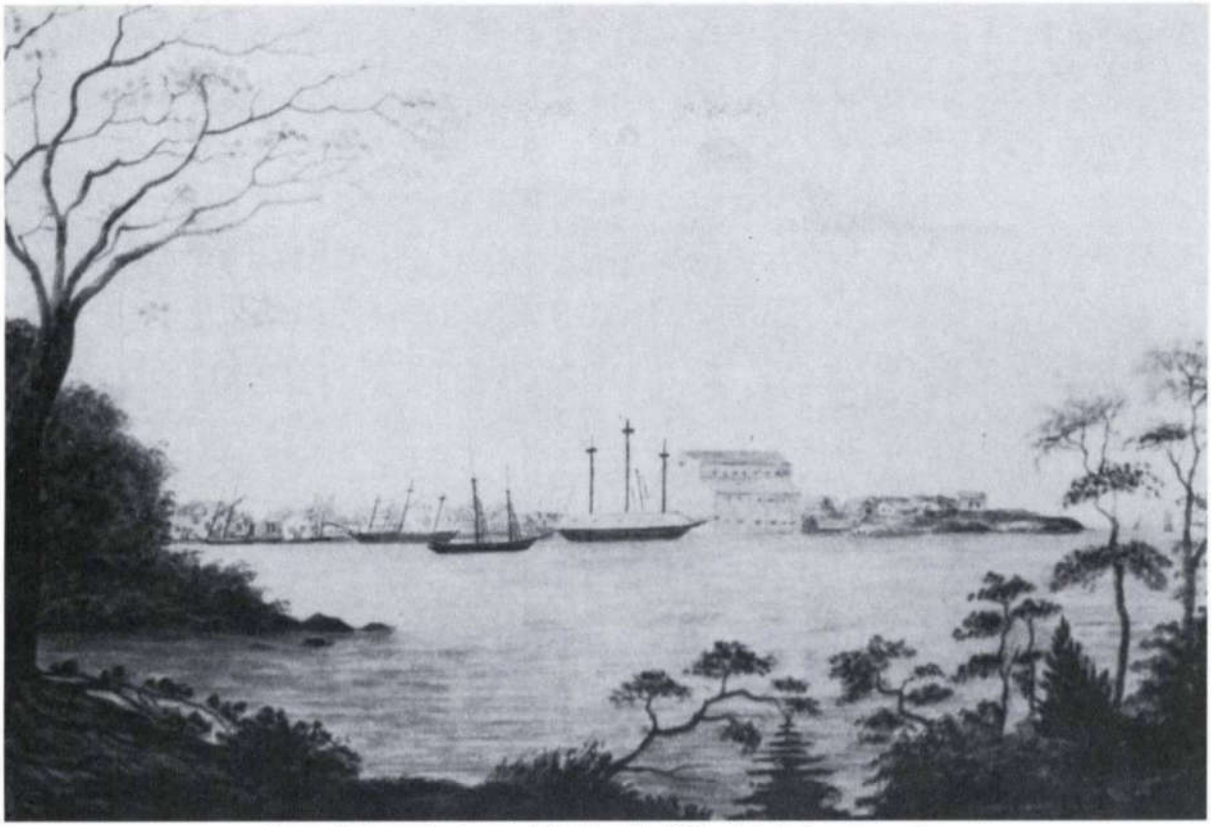
On the back of a fellow officer Mulcaster scribbled a brief note, imploring his mother to look after the young woman to whom he was betrothed. He then lay back to die, but his tough constitution helped him survive the crisis and the voyage back to Kingston. His wound healed sufficiently for him to be sent home to England for recuperation. Although Mulcaster remained on half-pay for the rest of his life he was able to marry Sophie Sawyer and become the father of four children. But his wound never healed properly and finally led to his death in 1837.

The butcher's bill for the attack was settled in favour of the Americans. Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell reported six Americans dead, thirty-eight wounded and twenty-five missing and probably taken as prisoners. The British toll was higher. In Fischer's brigade fifteen officers and men were killed and sixty-two wounded. Two seamen died in Mulcaster's landing party and a lieutenant and two sailors were wounded. HMS *Montreal* had anchored nearest the garrison and suffered for it; one man killed and six wounded, including Captain Stephen Popham whose right hand was severely burned and Master James Richardson whose left arm had to be amputated at the shoulder.

The British squadron returned to Kingston during the evening hours of Saturday 7 May. Lieutenant Le Couteur noted, "It was a proud sight to see the noble ship [Yeo's *Prince Regent*] entering the harbour with the American below the British pendant, signalling Victory."

Victory was indeed the word employed by the British. Gordon Drummond termed the expedition "a compleat success." Commodore Yeo extolled "the zeal and attention of the Officers" and "the intrepid bravery of the men" in taking "the Forts and Town of Oswego, which in point of position is the most formidable I have seen in Upper Canada." Great appreciation was shown by both men for the co-operative performance of the army and navy units. The deeds of the most prominent officers were detailed as were the parts played by each regiment. Much was made of the fact that the soldiers and sailors were able to ignore the temptation to get drunk on the liquor that was discovered during the seizure.

In reality the extent of the British victory was dubious. The raid had proven to be very costly in terms of casualties. It pointed clearly at the price that would be paid in attacking Sackets Harbour, which was much more strongly defended than Oswego. The quantity of munitions and stores captured was only a small portion of the supplies en route across New York State. Materiel at the depot eighteen kilometres up the Oswego River might have added significantly to the British take, but Drummond and Yeo showed no interest in probing further inland. Furthermore, and perhaps most signifi-



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Sackets Harbour after the war. A British raid in 1813 ended with heavy losses after Sir George Prevost ordered a sudden retreat after a successful landing.

cantly, the attack on Oswego caused only a brief delay in Commodore Chauncey's efforts to outfit his fleet.

Drummond and Yeo were not able to follow up their raid with a full attack upon Sackets Harbour. Although armistice negotiations failed and sizeable reinforcements arrived from Britain, Governor General Prevost maintained his conservative policy, and the British fleet was soon deployed to blockade Sackets. The presence of the warships, anchored within sight of the American base, constrained Isaac Chauncey's building program only briefly.

On 29 May the report of a flotilla of bateaux carrying cannons and cables from Oswego to Sackets reached Commodore Yeo in the *Prince Regent.* He dispatched Captains Popham and Spilsbury with more than two hundred Royal Marines and seamen to search out the flotilla. Commandant Melancthon Woolsey had sailed nineteen heavily loaded boats down the coast and hidden them at a landing three kilometres up Big Sandy Creek. On 30 May Popham and Spilsbury unwisely rowed up the narrow stream and attacked the Americans, who were well prepared for them. After a fast and furious battle the entire naval party was captured by the determined Americans.

Reportedly, Sir James was livid when he learned of the loss of such a large number of officers and men. With the complements of his ships diminished considerably, Yeo lifted his blockade of Sackets and sailed back to the British shore. In short order it was business as usual for Chauncey's Oswego-to-Sackets supply route. Despite the arrival of a large naval reinforcement at Kingston, Yeo's fleet retired to its naval base during the fourth week of June and did not sail again until the 102-gun HMS *St. Lawrence* was ready for service the following October.

As June turned to July Chauncey's newest warships were nearly ready for duty and Major General Jacob Brown was preparing to invade the Niagara Peninsula. Only seven weeks earlier the British had held the upper hand, but the initiative was lost. Prevost's defensive policy, the superior efforts of George Mitchell's troops at Oswego and the navy's blunder at Sandy Creek had combined to halt the British momentum. Conceived as the first step in an offensive against the Americans, the raid on Oswego proved to be less significant and much more costly than the British commanders had intended. ◆

Robert Malcomson lives in St. Catharines, Ontario. "Battle for Lake Ontario: 1812-1814", co-authored with his brother Thomas, will be released in 1995 by Vanwell Publishing.

RESCUE MISSION

The Canon was an old arctic hand, but a moment of carelessness imperilled his life and set in motion another dangerous and harrowing Northern ordeal

By HUGH A. HALLIDAY

Feats of arms are normally associated with armed combat, but in the autumn of 1947 a small band of Canadian servicemen performed what was virtually a feat of arms in the High Arctic. Theirs was a mission of mercy and rescue, yet they brought to bear all the skills they had acquired in the recent war and applied them in conditions which were as harsh as many battlefields. Operation "Canon" was an epic in the history of the Canadian Armed Forces.

At the centre of the drama was an Anglican priest, Canon John H. Turner, aged 42 and what many would describe as a "muscular Christian". Since 1929 he had ministered to the Inuit of Baffin Island, learning their language to the point that he was translating scripture into their tongue. Turner was as rugged as the land; he regularly toured the high latitudes, seeking out his flock by ones and twos. He travelled alone, by dogteam, shooting game to feed himself and his dogs; he was known to have covered up to 3,000 miles in a circuit, and to have been absent from his mission post for upwards of five months, enduring dangers and hardships throughout. In all these years he took two brief furloughs to visit family in Felixstowe, England. In 1944 he married Joan Hobart, an English nurse, who joined him in his lonely outpost at Moffet Inlet, 75 miles distant from a weather station and Hudson's Bay Company store at Arctic Bay. Assisted by a young Inuit woman, Kamane (Rebecca), they were raising two young daughters, June (aged 2) and Grace (14 months) and expecting another child when disaster struck.

On 24 September 1947, Canon Turner went seal hunting. He found nothing, and having cocked his .22 rifle he neglected to put it on "safe". Returning to the small mission building, he paused to help Rebecca with a pail of water she had brought to the mission. The trigger apparently snagged in his clothing; the gun fired and a bullet passed through his upper lip, behind his nose, and lodged in his brain. He fell heavily, injuring his back. For the next several weeks, Turner would endure varying degrees of pain and paralysis, yet for much of the time he would also be mentally alert, able to speak to those around him.

An Inuit family was camped nearby; they took a motor boat and headed directly for Arctic Bay, where HBC trader John Cormack had a radio. Nearly a week passed before the outside world was informed of the drama in progress. For the forces, Operation "Canon" began on 30 September 1947, when word of the accident reached Army Headquarters in Ottawa. If Turner was to survive he would have to be evacuated.

The Canadian forces, like those of many Western nations, had shrunk drastically following the war and they were making do with equipment stockpiled at the end of that conflict. They had no long-range transport aircraft and no helicopters; even had they owned a "chopper", Moffet Inlet was too distant and too rugged for any machines of that period to effect a direct rescue. What the forces had, however, was a corps of brave, resourceful individuals; a remarkable group of these was soon to be at work on Canon Turner's behalf.

Army Headquarters looked to the Joint Air Training School at Rivers, Manitoba, where army and air force personnel were busy testing equipment and tactics that were to be applied in defending the Arctic. It was also the centre of paratroop training in Canada, and its staff included many skilled veterans. Planning for Operation "Canon" began the day that headquarters sent its first warning message, and was well advanced by 1 October, when the operation was formally authorized.

One problem was immediately apparent; nobody

Getting the wounded Canon Turner out of remote Moffet Inlet in the late fall and early winter of 1947 was a formidable task, but the Canadian Army and RCAF rescue team was ready to put its training to the test.

Canon Turner

knew very much about Moffet Inlet. The RCAF had begun mapping the Arctic in the 1930s, but this task had been interrupted by the war. Although resumed in 1945, the job was incomplete; northern Baffin Island was still relatively unknown. The nearest permanent base was Fort Churchill, over 800 miles distant, although a snow-packed field had been established by the Department of Transport (DoT) at Coral Harbour, Southampton Island; this base was familiar to RCAF crews who had used it during survey operations of recent years. To provide information on Moffet Inlet, however, the forces had to call on another missionary, Reverend Maurice Flint, who had spent four years in the area. He was flown to Rivers where he drew rough maps and showed those involved his personal snapshots of Moffet Inlet.

The problem was a formidable one. The mission itself was on a narrow, boulder-strewn tongue of land, 200 yards long and 100 yards wide, flanked by icy waters. The seaward approaches were choked with floating ice; neither seaplanes nor wheeled aircraft could operate there. Evacuation by boat was problematical. The most immediate need was to get a medical and communication team into the mission. That could be done only by air, using parachuted personnel. Even so, the narrow peninsula and deadly waters presented hazards. A more favourable drop zone appeared to exist behind the mission, but people landing there would have to descend 500-foot cliffs to reach the mission itself.

From the outset it was assumed that Captain Ross Willoughby, the Medical Officer at Rivers, would be sent to Moffet Inlet. He was young (26), fit, a graduate of the School of Medicine, University of Toronto, and had received rudimentary parachute training.

The choice of a team leader, however, was inspired. Captain Lionel Guy d'Artois of Montreal had received medical training before the war; on enlistment he had been assigned initially to the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. However, he had transferred to the tough, famous Royal 22nd Regiment ("Vandoos") while in Britain. Impatient for action (the regiment was then playing a defensive role), he volunteered for a joint American-Canadian outfit, the First Special Service Force. D'Artois received parachute training and was assigned to the Aleutians for the Kiska campaign. That had proven to be anti-climactic; the landings on Kiska were unopposed.

Returning to Britain, he volunteered for another tough job — War Office "Special Operations" which meant jumping into enemy-occupied France to work with the Maquis. That sort of daring brought him a Distinguished Service Order (DSO); his wife, engaged in the same work, would be awarded Membership in the Order of the British Empire (MBE). On his return

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Rugged cliffs tower over the beach near the mission at Moffet Inlet. Landing a plane was a major challenge.

to Canada, Captain d'Artois joined the training staff of the Joint Air School, Rivers. His background made him an obvious leader for the mission.

The plan as worked out on 1 October was to drop a medical team into Moffet Inlet and keep Turner alive until he could be brought out either by boat or by air. A communications team would be needed; Willoughby and d'Artois would be accompanied by Sergeants Clifford Cook and William W. Judd. The former was especially appropriate. He had been associated with Canadian Army Signals since 1938 and had spent most of the war on radio duties in the Northwest Territories. After the war, Cook had taken parachute training at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, and Fort Benning, Georgia. Judd was a trained paratrooper who had jumped in action with the 1st Canadian Parachute Regiment.

Shortly after 10.00 A.M. on 2 October, a Dakota aircraft 270 left Rivers. Aboard were Major George Flint, who was to co-ordinate the land and air elements, plus the jump team. The Dakota crew itself was another mixture of talented individuals. The pilot, Flying Officer Robert C. Race, was very experienced. A member of the RCAF since 1940, he had flown over 3,000 hours. His career had included transport, supply dropping, and arctic flying (Operation "Muskox", 1945-46). His co-pilot was equally seasoned; Flying Officer Kenneth O. Moore, DSO, had piloted a Coastal Command Liberator that sank two U-boats in 22 minutes — a feat unequalled by any aircrew in the annals of anti-submarine warfare (June 1944). Flight Lieutenant Anthony B. Morabito, the radio operator, had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in November 1943 for work on air/sea rescue aircraft in the Mediterranean. As navigator, Flying Officer Clifford C. McMillan had been trained under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Sergeant Kenrick C. Swinford and Corporal Lorne D. Hawkins were to service the Dakota during the weeks ahead. Corporal James P. Rae, who had been in the RCAF since June 1940 and was a veteran of "Muskox", was to serve as aircraft engineer.

The Dakota paused at Winnipeg to refuel and pick up an aboriginal child who had been undergoing treatment for burns; she was returning to Southampton Island. The flight continued that day some 800 miles to Churchill. There the aircraft was switched; Dakota 270 which had been used thus far was exchanged for Dakota 969 which was equipped with LORAN (long range navigation) aids. This aircraft would subse-

quently earn the nicknames of *Snowbird* and *The Blizzard Belle*. Flying Officer Race hoped that he would be able to complete the first phase of "Canon" next day, but rain and low clouds held him at Churchill until 9.47 A.M. on the 3rd; by the time he reached Coral Harbour there was not enough time — given the short arctic day — to reach Moffet Inlet and return.

Coral Harbour was a spooky place. It had been built during the war by American forces as part of the "Crimson" Route — a northern air delivery route which ultimately had been scarcely used and then abandoned. It had only one hangar, but was otherwise a sprawling base with many fully-equipped buildings and a hospital. Dozens of wheeled and tracked vehicles, together with their spares, had been left behind. The complex was now an arctic ghost town, with only a skeleton crew of DoT personnel on hand. Of these, Race considered the local cook most memorable for terrible food.

It was at Coral Harbour that the first major problem occurred. The starter motor for the port engine was found to be burned out. Hawkins, Swinford and Rae worked through the night in arctic cold, trying to repair the part. By dawn it was evident they had failed. They resorted to another method — starting the engine by hand using a rope tied to a propeller tip and pulling hard. This was not only unusual — it was dangerous, particularly if there were a backfire. Nevertheless, it worked, and it was used on three further occasions to start the engine before the starter motor was finally replaced.

At 9.25 A.M., battered by a strong cross wind, the Dakota took off from Coral Harbour with Major Flint and the jump team. There was high scattered cloud; everything went smoothly until they approached the mission itself, about 12.48 P.M. The terrain on the north side of Moffet Inlet — the mission side — appeared even more rugged than expected. The water was blue and cold; two icebergs confirmed its bitterness. The shoreline contained many indentations, and low fog complicated searching for the building. This search went on until 1.40 P.M., when it was finally concluded that a lone building (which did not match earlier descriptions) must be the objective. No sign of life had been seen earlier, but now, as the Dakota approached, some figures could be discerned, waving frantically. Flint dropped a message which read:

> We are to help Canon Turner. It is proposed to parachute a small party including a medical officer for this purpose. Owing to the ruggedness of the ground men cannot be dropped safely near the mission but we intend dropping the less fragile stores at the mission and the men and other equipment in the deep country. Divide your eskimos into two parties. Keep one party at the mission and send the other to the top of the cliffs to go to the aid of the party when they drop. Please acknowledge by signalling a reply to this question with the panels attached. Are we still in time to be of help?

With this note, Flint dropped two large cloth panels and instructions; a single panel laid out on the ground would signify "Yes"; both panels, side by side, would

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Starting the aircraft by hand with the aid of a rope tied to a propeller tip put crew members in peril.

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Flat surfaces were at a premium in the "drop zone" near the Moffet Inlet mission.

indicate "No". Flying Officer Race then carried out a reconnaissance of the area behind the mission, looking for a drop site. This was as difficult as the search for the mission itself. At last a small lake was selected, 1,000 feet above sea level and measuring 250 yards by 100 yards. Captain d'Artois agreed that it was the best available site. They returned to the mission where a single panel had been displayed. The operation was on; Race swung back towards the chosen drop zone.

Was the ice strong enough to bear the weight of jumpers? A loaded fuel drum, weighing about 250 pounds, was free-dropped. Its impact demonstrated that the ice was sufficient and that there was about 4-5 inches of snow that would cushion descents. A smoke bomb was also dropped; this indicated wind strength and direction. Now the actual drop began. The fuel drum had contained gasoline for a generator (needed to recharge radio batteries); now came the generator itself (150 pounds), food, tents, sleeping bags, rifles, ammunition, packboards, cigarettes and medical stores. Major Flint conducted the dropping, assisted by Captain Willoughby and Sergeant Cook; Captain d'Artois scanned the country, learning as much as possible while he had the chance.

Sergeant Judd parachuted first, carrying a small portable radio. D'Artois followed, and then the principal radio with batteries. The radio, a cumbersome No. 52 set, weighed 580 pounds with its spare parts, while the batteries weighed 300 pounds. Captain Willoughby jumped next; his lines tangled and he had only minimal control as he descended; he narrowly missed hitting a boulder as he landed. Sergeant Cook was the last to leave the aircraft. The drop was completed at 2.55 P.M. Flying Officer Race circled the site once to ensure that all was well, made one more pass over the mission, then headed for Coral Harbour; his fuel situation would be critical before he touched down there some 3 hours and 40 minutes later.

At Moffet Inlet, Captain d'Artois remained in the drop zone just long enough to be certain that everyone had landed safely; he then set out on foot for the mission. He was met by two Inuit; one continued on to the drop zone while the other escorted d'Artois. After some two and a half hours he reached the mission where he met trader Cormack (who had arrived by boat from Arctic Bay), Mrs. Turner, and the Canon. Cormack, d'Artois and two Inuit then took a boat to Bartlett Inlet, adjacent to the drop zone, where they picked up Dr. Willoughby and his medical supplies.

At the drop site, Sergeants Cook and Judd were rounding up the parachuted supplies (difficult because the white parachutes blended with the terrain) and strug-

gling to establish radio contact with the outside world. They had come down with a small, functioning No. 58 radio set, sufficient for short-range communications with the Dakota when it was nearby. The big No. 52 set, however, had been damaged in the drop and there were no spare parts with which to effect repairs. Cook tried to manufacture parts out of scrap metal; his efforts failed. For the next few days the party was able to receive messages but could not transmit any of its own. Only when the Dakota was overhead could reports be passed over the No. 58 set. On 6 October, the two sergeants covered the No. 52 set with a tent; on Cormack's urging they proceeded by boat from Bartlett Inlet (now beginning to clog with ice floes) to the mission.

The rescue party was now concentrated at the mission, a two-room structure, 11 by 24 feet. Cormack suggested — and Willoughby agreed — that Canon Turner should be moved by boat to Arctic Bay, where accommodation and medical facilities would be better. The weather was bad on the 7th; an afternoon storm nearly sank the Canon's whaler. The 8th brought Flying Officer Race back on a resupply mission with another parachute drop; he was informed of Canon Turner's condition and of the plan to move the patient by boat. The news was welcomed by those watching from afar. On 7 October the *Winnipeg Free Press* had carried an ominous headline, "Arctic Shrouded in Silence as Radio Operators Await Word on Missionary"; its subsequent reports were never so gloomy.

On 9 October, Flying Officer Race flew from Coral Harbour to Churchill. Major Flint was being returned south; new supplies would be picked up, and the troublesome engine starter motor would be replaced. Meanwhile, the ground party was preparing for their voyage; they returned with packboards to the drop zone, retrieved added supplies, and fetched them to the mission. The terrain they were crossing was too rugged even for dogteams and required more than three hours to traverse each way. All members were exhausted — and worse was to come.

On 10 October, Canon Turner was put aboard the whaler. This was difficult; the vessel could not be brought too close to shore lest it be damaged on the rocks; stretcher bearers broke through the shore ice (the patient weighed 230 pounds) and waded in two feet of icy water to reach the boat. The whaler started out at

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Three key players in Operation "Canon" —Flying Officer Robert Race, Captain Lionel Guy d'Artois and Captain Ross Willoughby —photographed at Winnipeg after the rescue.

about 8.20 A.M.; a second boat followed an hour later. Early in the trip, the whaler's motor died. Sergeant Judd was able to restart it, but rough water and ice slowed progress. That night the party anchored in a small inlet.

They resumed the voyage on the 11th, but now the ice was forming and thickening; the whaler's engine packed up again. Cormack and d'Artois, in the second boat, struggled through the ice until they could pass a line to the whaler, which they towed back to the previous night's anchorage. Willoughby was worried about his patient and the long exposure to hardships; they must either push through quickly to Arctic Bay or return to the mission. An Inuk, surveying the area from a hilltop, reported deteriorating ice conditions ahead. Two boats with operable engines might have made it; one boat towing a second could not. The party retreated to Moffet Inlet, arriving in mid-afternoon of the 11th.

By now a medical crisis was looming. Since the arrival of the ground party, Turner had been suffering from bed sores; one of these — two inches deep, five inches long — had become gangrenous and Captain Willoughby opted for drastic treatment. He must cut away the dead flesh — without anaesthetic. He was aided by Cormack and d'Artois; the operation lasted twenty minutes. Turner endured the ordeal with fortitude. Cormack subsequently took a boat and managed to complete a solo voyage to his HBC post at Arctic Bay.

At this point, d'Artois resolved to revert to the original plan of conducting an air evacuation. First, however, he had to find a suitable landing site. Hitherto the ice had been too thick for travel by boat and too thin for movement on foot. This was changing. However, the problem of limited communications remained. On 14 October, accompanied by Sergeants Judd and Cook, he returned to the original drop site. They packed the heavy No. 52 set to the mission on backboards. This necessitated the party manhandling heavy sections of equipment over slippery and rocky ground, followed by their descent down a 600-foot cliff in the rear of the mission at night in an arctic blizzard. Throughout the 15th the two sergeants tried again to get it working, without success; they could receive but not transmit.

As of 17 October, Flying Officer Race was overhead again, this time dropping a No. 29 radio set and fresh supplies. This was very hazardous; he had to fly alongside a 600-foot cliff, then bank slightly to starboard during the drop to avoid another cliff. The narrow inlet also imposed a very tight circuit between drops. The medical supplies went down on the desired spot, but the crucial radio landed 25 feet offshore. Although salvaged immediately, it had been heavily damaged by salt water. Sergeants Judd and Cook continued to attempt getting at least one radio operating. At last they resorted to cannibalism; parts from the No. 58 set were installed in the No. 52 set, while an unused circuit in the No. 52 set was used elsewhere in the machine. At last, at 6.27 P.M. on 18 October, they were able to send a message to Arctic Bay. The radio, designed for ranges of up to 100 miles, subsequently sent and received messages over distances ten times greater.

Throughout the operation, Captain Willoughby was working hard to keep his patient not merely alive but strong enough for future surgery. Beyond the medical problem he had to work on Turner's psychological situation. Although some (his wife included) recalled that Turner remained resolute, cheerful, and optimistic, those sending out radio messages reported his moods as varying from determination to optimism to despair and resignation.

Willoughby had an array of tools — the contents of the mission's large medicine chest, sulpha drugs, and the new "wonder drug", penicillin. Every three hours the patient received an injection, usually given by Mrs. Turner. D'Artois, when available, massaged the patient's limbs. Others in the party helped, notably Sergeants Cook and Judd; Mrs. Turner was kept busy caring for the children and cooking. Once the No. 52 radio was operating, Willoughby found himself offering long-range medical advice to Mrs. Cormack at Arctic Bay. His diagnosis of her difficulties was confirmed when she passed a gallstone one evening.

Captain d'Artois was now intent on finding a suitable landing strip for the *Snowbird*. From the 18th to the 22nd he concentrated his search on the mission side of Moffet Inlet. This proved unsuccessful; the cliffs behind the mission ruled out moving Turner in that direction and access from the shoreline was equally unpromising. Meanwhile, Flying Officer Race and his crew carried out another re-supply drop on the 24th, despite a ceiling of barely 200 feet. His load included drugs, tubes for the radios, and newspapers.

The flights of the *Snowbird* were fraught with danger. Each sortie from Coral Harbour and return meant crossing barren seas and islands in the face of unpredictable weather and occasional early winter storms. Race was a skilled pilot, manoeuvering between low clouds and high hills to complete his drops. He was cheered, however, by his very experienced co-pilot (Flying Officer Moore). Particular praise would subsequently be heaped on the navigator (Flying Officer McMillan) whose work was described as follows:

> Flying Officer McMillan, the navigator of the aircraft on each of the successive flights from Coral Harbour to Moffet Inlet, displayed skill of the highest degree, despite the fact his aircraft compass was practically unreliable, available charts of this northern zone were extremely inaccurate, and the sun or stars were rarely visible in the Arctic light for astro navigation. In spite of these difficulties, and the hazards encountered,

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Top: Canon Turner is loaded aboard the rescue aircraft at Coral Harbour. Below: Young June Turner waits to be taken aboard.

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Canon Turner rests during the flight to Winnipeg.

Flying Officer McMillan exhibited extraordinary navigational skill and directed his pilot accurately on every occasion.

D'Artois, meanwhile, was still looking for a possible landing site. At the suggestion of Canon Turner, he began exploring across the inlet. Each day, weather permitting, he set out with an Inuk companion and a dogteam, braving thin, shifting ice at every turn. On one of these sorties he fell through the ice and had to be pulled clear by his companion.

The landing site had to meet specifications. It should be as near as possible to the mission, to minimize travel for Turner. It should not be too close to mountains; since there was no suitable land it would have to be a lake with at least 15 inches of ice. Snow on the landing surface was unavoidable, but that would prolong the take-off run, so there should be space for a minimum 4,000 foot take-off run.

Captain d'Artois found such a site on 2 November. It looked promising, but he would have to test the ice thoroughly, as well as study the snow and wind conditions. The chief problem was distance from the mission — 23 miles south, at the foot of hills. Also troubling was the presence of snow, 6 inches deep, with occasional 13-inch drifts. A Dakota on wheels might handle that, even fully-loaded, but what if the snow accumulated? He camped on the lake for eleven days, checking the ice over a large area, laying out marker panels, and recording other conditions that would affect the approach and take-off. This information was sent back to Sergeant Cook who relayed it to Coral Harbour. During this period a blizzard prevented anyone from reaching d'Artois with fuel for his stove and lamp. Winds smashed his tent pole; for two days he waited out the storm, huddled in his sleeping bag, without heat and light.

Further south, the RCAF was preparing for all contingencies. On 25 October, Flying Officer Race and his crew had flown to Rivers. Over the next week their Dakota was inspected, fitted with skis, and tested. The groundcrew (Hawkins and Swinford) practised installation and removal of the skis. Finally, on 5 November, *Snowbird* left Rivers, bound for Coral Harbour, carrying as cargo the skis plus wing jacks, extra medical supplies and portable oxygen equipment. Weather along the route delayed them; they reached Churchill only on the 7th and Coral Harbour on the 12th. Fierce storms whipped the region and held them at Coral Harbour. Radio reports from Moffet Inlet indicated no appreciable increase in snow accumulation at the chosen landing site, so the decision was made to operate with a wheeled undercarriage; that would permit a greater load of gas to be carried.

November 17 was deemed to be a critical date; after that the sun would be below the horizon twenty-four hours a day. An Arctic twilight would be present for about six hours, but the sun itself was crucial to navigation. At 6.00 A.M. that day reports from Resolute Bay and Arctic Bay indicated good flying conditions. Things were not so favourable at Coral Harbour, but the *Snowbird* was loaded and at 9.44 A.M. it was airborne. Course was set for Moffet Inlet, cruising at 5,000 feet.

Approximately forty miles south of Moffet Inlet, Flying Officer Race ran into heavy overcast at 4,000 feet. Morabito requested Moffet Inlet to transmit a homing signal; this was done and picked up on the aircraft's radio compass. The *Snowbird* reached the general area and contacted Captain d'Artois, who was still camped on the landing site. However, the low ceiling and mountainous terrain made a let down very hazardous. A planned diversion to Resolute Bay was scrubbed when that site reported unstable, deteriorating weather. The mission was cancelled; Race headed back to Coral Harbour, landing in a cross-wind at 6.04 P.M.

Through the 18th, 19th and 20th various problems held the aircraft at Southampton Island — a soft runway, freezing drizzle, and low cloud at Coral Harbour even as it cleared at Moffet Inlet. Running low on supplies, d'Artois left the landing site on the 20th

and returned to the mission. It seemed as though satisfactory conditions would never coincide at Moffet and Coral Harbour. It was time to gamble.

As of 5.00 A.M. on 21 November, the weather at Moffet Inlet, Resolute Bay (the alternate strip) and Coral Harbour were all within limits; the strip at Coral Harbour had been hardened by running a tractor-roller compressing the snow. Race and his crew loaded three 45-gallon fuel drums aboard the Dakota, along with a Herman Nelson heater, fuel pump, extra rations and medical supplies, and equipment to improvise a flare-path. At 31,000 pounds gross, the *Snowbird* was loaded to capacity. It was airborne at 9.05 A.M. and climbed to 10,000 feet, high enough to top one cloud layer but not sufficient to go over another. Astro navigation was impossible; McMillan worked with directional gyros and the radio compass, correcting his track as the flight continued.

The lower layer of cloud thinned; the *Snowbird* descended to 4,000 feet in search of visual pin-points. A return to base was considered, but at 10.56 A.M. they spotted a landmark near Parry Bay. In the past they had followed radio signals from Moffet Inlet, but today the transmissions were not being detected; McMillan and Race approached their destination using landmarks glimpsed in the failing light.

At the mission, Captain d'Artois had been alerted by radio when the Dakota left Coral Harbour; he had set out by dog team for the lake where the landing was to occur. Flying Officer Race passed over d'Artois as the latter mushed southwards; the selected lake was spotted thanks to panels that d'Artois had laid out previously. It was the first time that Race had actually seen the improvised airstrip. He made one low pass to check it out, then touched down at 12.52 P.M. The loose snow — 10 to 12 inches — offered little resistance and he was able to taxi to the end of the lake where d'Artois had left a tent standing.

Once down, the cargo was unloaded and the fuel from 45-gallon drums pumped into *Snowbird*'s tanks. The crew set up the Herman Nelson heater, started the engines, diluted the oil, then covered the engine nacelles. An hour after touchdown, the area was in darkness, intensified by heavy fog. About that time, Captain d'Artois and Sergeant Judd arrived. With the aid of the dogteam, Race and d'Artois then surveyed the landing area and laid down a flare path.

Once it was confirmed that *Snowbird* had landed, those remaining at the mission moved quickly. The temperature was -24 degrees Fahrenheit; Canon Turner was wrapped in furs, blankets and a sleeping bag, placed on a sled pulled by the fastest dogs, and sent off with Captain Willoughby. A second team conveyed Mrs. Turner, Rebecca, and the two children. Sergeant Cook closed the mission and followed in a third sled.

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Members of the Turner party upon their arrival in Winnipeg, December 1947. From left to right, Kamane (Rebecca) with baby Grace Turner, Mrs. Turner, June Turner.

These teams all took about three and a half hours to reach the landing site; all were concerned that the cold and the travel would complicate the patient's condition, but in fact he showed no serious ill-effects from the trip.

Once delivered to the frozen lake, Turner was made comfortable in the tent while heat was applied to the engines. Hourly weather reports indicated that all possible destinations were having problems; at Resolute Bay there was blowing snow and an uncertain ceiling; Cambridge Bay had good visibility but faulty radio services; Coral Harbour had a 400-foot ceiling and visibility limited to one mile; Churchill was better, but it was also at the outermost limits of a Dakota's range and conditions could change drastically in flight. Flying Officer Race decided to sit tight, receive more reports, and choose a favourable moment.

By 9.00 P.M. the various reports gave hope that Coral Harbour might be improving. In preparation for take-off, Canon Turner and his party were loaded aboard and the flare path was lit. Given the load, it was decided to leave the bulky Herman Nelson heater on the ice; if *Snowbird* had to force-land anywhere between Moffet Inlet and Coral Harbour there would be no way to keep the engines warm. Race taxied out at 10.00 P.M. but

continued to hold, waiting for further improvements. None were reported; it was now or never. At 10.39 P.M., under a clear, starry sky, he opened the throttles, applied one-quarter flap, and began pushing through the snow. After a 4,000-foot run, *Snowbird* staggered into the sky.

Soon after takeoff they ran into cloud; Race climbed to 10,000 feet before topping out. McMillan navigated using the moon until his radio compass finally picked up broadcasts from Coral Harbour. The flight was almost effortless; on arrival, a flarepath was clearly visible; the Dakota touched down at 1.55 A.M. on the 22nd.

Canon Turner had suffered from the cold at high altitude and all members of the ground party were exhausted from the day's events.

The group remained overnight at Coral Harbour; a report filed by Race and radioed south became newspaper headlines across Canada. As of 8.00 A.M. on the 22nd, the Dakota was refuelled, and at 1.30 P.M. it was airborne for Churchill. No landing was made there; Race checked his position, then carried on directly to Winnipeg, where he landed at 6.15 P.M.

Seldom did an RCAF Dakota arrive to such a welcome. The Minister of National Defence had sent congratulations. Family members were present; so were representatives of the Anglican Church as well as doctors and nurses. Canon Turner, accompanied by Captain Willoughby, was immediately whisked away to the Winnipeg General Hospital; reporters posed the others for a series of photographs. The army and air force personnel were studies in contrast; d'Artois and his companions had sprouted beards during the previous 51 days; Race and his crew, who had seldom been far from some form of frontier civilization, were clean-shaven. Of all the party, d'Artois proved to be the best "copy"; the *Free Press* reported him as saying, "The trip was worth it. I didn't like it when I first got there, but after awhile the North revealed itself like something magic to me." He openly admired the Inuit — "very co-operative ... a civilized people ... there are lots of lessons we can take from them". In eloquent understatement he described Mrs. Turner, who had borne the ordeal with calm courage; "English, you know", remarked d'Artois, "Makes wonderful tea."

Nor did d'Artois impress only reporters. In August 1993, Race (living in retirement), recalled the captain with mixed pleasure and awe. "He was adaptable", Race said. "When we took off on that mission, Guy had never been further north than a ski resort. When I met him six weeks later he was driving dog teams and chattering in Inuit."

Doctors in Winnipeg expressed surprise that Turner was in as good shape as he appeared. The face wound was largely healed. However, continuing examination and treatment revealed grim facts. The bullet had shattered and fragmented; it would be impossible to remove all the parts, and it was doubtful that Turner would ever walk again. Another menace, expected and delayed, now emerged — meningitis. The cleric weakened; perhaps the fight for survival had worn him out; perhaps with no further hope of a "muscular mission" he gave up. In any case, at 6.30 A.M. on 9 December 1947, he died. Two days later he was buried in Winnipeg; representatives of the armed forces attended the funeral, which was also an occasion for tribute to be paid to those who had struggled to rescue the man.

The RCAF report of Operation "Canon" noted that the force had not started with enough information about northern bases, particularly Resolute Bay which had actually been closer to Moffet Inlet than the strip at Coral Harbour. Resolute was then under USAF control and shrouded in secrecy. In particular, the RCAF had not been advised that Resolute was capable of handling Dakota aircraft. Clearly there was a need for more communication between civilian bodies and with our ally, the United States.

In 1948, National Defence Headquarters announced that the military participants in Operation "Canon" had been honoured for their skill, courage and dedication. Captain Guy d'Artois and Flying Officer Robert Race each received the George Medal. Captain Ross Willoughby was awarded the MBE (Member, Order of the British Empire); the citation mentioned his "bravery, ability and outstanding performance of medical

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The rescuers and the rescued: Back row, left to right, Flying Officer Race, Clifford McMillan, Anthony Morabito, James Rae, Kenrick Swinford. Front row, left to right, Rebecca with baby Grace, Mrs. Turner, June, Kenneth Moore, Clifford Cook, William Judd, Captain d'Artois.

duties" and went on to declare that his actions had been "in the highest tradition of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps", proving "an inspiring example to all ranks of the Canadian Army." Sergeant Clifford Cook received a British Empire Medal; his comrade, Sergeant William W. Judd, was accorded the King's Commendation for Brave Conduct. Of those who had flown with Race and kept *Snowbird* serviceable, Flying Officer Clifford C. McMillan received the Air Force Cross and Corporal James Rae the Air Force Medal. Corporal Lorne D. Hawkins, Sergeant Kenrick C. Swinford, Flying Officer Kenneth O. Moore and Flight Lieutenant Anthony B. Morabito all received the King's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air.

As of this writing it has not been possible to account for all the participants. Race is now retired and living in Manotick, Ontario, while Moore lives in Victoria and Cook operates a business in Edmonton. Willoughby is reported to have left the RCAF and taken up a medical practice in the United States; Sergeant Judd died of polio in the early 1950s.

Most remarkable of those who witnessed Operation "Canon" was Joan Turner herself. On 21 December 1947 she gave birth to her third daughter. The family returned to England for several years, but the Arctic called. Joan Turner went back to Baffin Island (1972-1977) and now resides in Vancouver. Two of her daughters worked in the North at various times in their teaching and nursing careers. ◆

Hugh A. Halliday has written a number of books dealing with Air Force history. He is on the staff of the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa and lives in Orleans, Ontario.

A democratic political system must allow for a certain amount of public participation in decision-making. When the state is made up of a relatively homogeneous people the principle of one-person-one-vote allows the voice of all to be heard. But problems arise when the population, as in Canada, includes a significantly large minority group with a distinct *mentalité*. The challenge that the government faces is to convince the minority that their voice has been heard and is present in government decisions.

Many English-Canadian historians consider that no prime minister more effectively met this challenge than William Lyon Mackenzie King. As evidence they point to King's shrewd handling of the conscription question from 1939 to 1944. By promising French Canadians that there would be no conscription, he ensured a united entry into the war; C.P. Stacey in *Canada and the Age of Conflict* considers this to be "the greatest achievement of Mackenzie King's career." The Prime Minister continued to resist conscriptionist pressure with tactics such as home mobilization in 1940, and a non-binding plebiscite on the question in 1942. Finally, delay no longer possible, he ordered 16,000 conscripts overseas in 1944. Even then, according to J.M.S. Careless in *Canada: A Story of Challenge*, French Canada supported King who "had held out against compulsory service to the last and had yielded finally to the necessity of majority rule ... The Liberal leader had saved both national unity and his party."

In contrast, Québécois historians often point to King's handling of the same question to prove that the minority voice was not heard at Ottawa. French Canadians overwhelmingly opposed the decision to go to war, according to R. Rumilly, but were powerless against the majority decision. The minority's opposition to the war galvanized during the Quebec provincial election campaign of 1939. In *Québec Canada anglais: deux itinéraires, un affrontement*, Michel Brunet argues that the French Canadian nation, *"trompée, bafouée et humiliée"* realized, as never before, *"son état de subordination politique."* The majority brought in conscription in stages: mobilization followed by a plebiscite allowing the majority to liberate itself from promises made to the minority. The inevitable sending of conscripts in 1944, against near unanimous French-Canadian opposition, ignited the Québécois independence movement. André Laurendeau observed in *La Crise de la Conscription* that French Canadians subsequently gave provincial autonomy *"une adhésion plus fiévreuse et plus claire. Et voici réapparaître le séparatisme."*

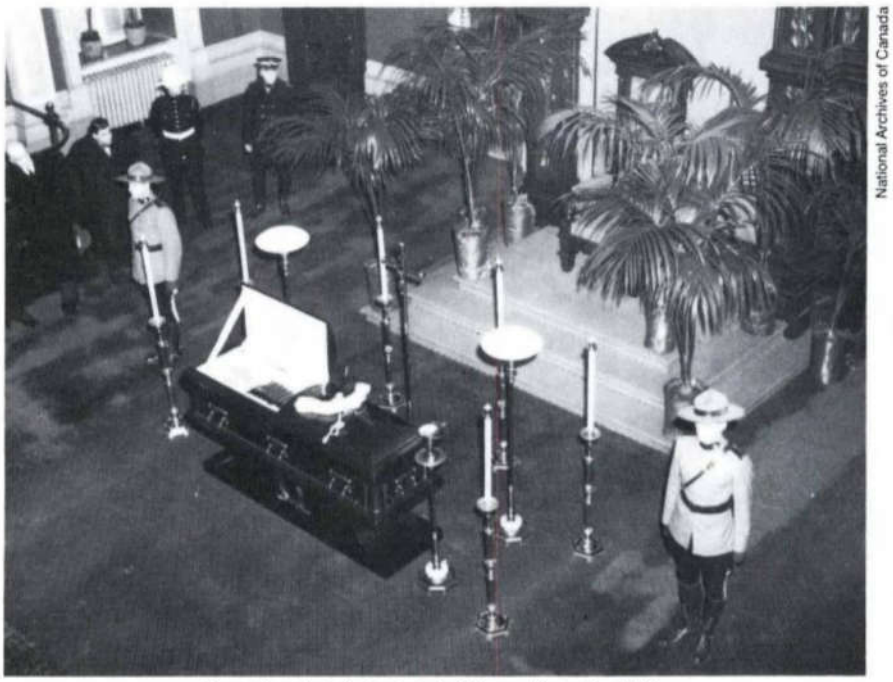
Which of the two interpretations is correct? The answer, it will be argued, can be found in a typically Canadian formula: both interpretations are half right. When anglophone historians argue that the government's conscription policy from 1939 to 1944 included an influential French-Canadian voice and was accepted in Quebec they are right — up to November 1941. When francophone historians argue that the policy ignored French-Canadian interests and led to a bitter

John MacFarlane takes another look at

Mr. Lapointe, Mr. King, Quebec & Conscription

CANADA'S 20TH CENTURY

The Prime Minister sailed into dangerous waters after the death of his 'lieutenant' and advisor



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Ernest Lapointe, lying in state, Ottawa, November 1941.

feeling of rejection in Quebec they also are right — after November 1941. When Ernest Lapointe, King's influential Quebec lieutenant, died on 26 November 1941 the Prime Minister's no-conscription policy changed dramatically.

Both anglophone and francophone historians, exaggerating the Prime Minister's role, suppose a continuity in "King's" policy from 1939 to 1944 that has underestimated the role played by Lapointe. Anglophones consider that King adeptly replaced Lapointe with another Quebec voice, in the words of King's official biographer H.B. Neatby: "almost overnight." Francophone historians consider that their "federal ministers," usually described with generic terms and rarely distinguishing Lapointe from the others, have never been and can never be anything but what Brunet calls the docile hostages of an omnipotent majority. As will be seen, Lapointe's death left King truly on his own and the Prime Minister then made the blunders that displeased French Canadians; blunders that Lapointe had prevented him from making earlier.

Since 1919, when Lapointe had helped him become Liberal leader, King had become increasingly dependant upon his Quebec lieutenant's advice on all questions concerning French Canada. King's emotional attachment to the British Empire, his ignorance of the French-Canadian language and culture and his intolerance of Roman Catholicism disqualified him as the minority's voice. It was Lapointe who knew what his people wanted, what compromise they would accept and how to convince King and the anglophone cabinet that the minority would accept nothing less. More than just a Minister of Justice, the jovial, *"homme du peuple"* was recognized by French Canadians as a co-Prime Minister who would — and could — look after their interests. The Quebec population in 1939 (which corresponded roughly but not exactly with the French-Canadian population) continued to identify themselves as French Canadians rather that Québécois because they had confidence that their voice was heard in the Canadian government.

Lapointe had been particularly useful to King between 1919 and 1939 concerning Canadian relations with the British Empire. The Quebec lieutenant appreciated more than King the importance of avoiding automatic commitments to fight in British wars.

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Ernest Lapointe shortly before his death.

Participation, a divisive issue itself, was particularly feared by Lapointe because it would inevitably raise the issue that had split the country in 1917: conscription. Compulsory enlistment for military service remained an emotional symbol for years, representing a total war effort for anglophones and domination of the minority for francophones. The principle that "Parliament will decide" participation in British wars when the time comes, sufficiently ambiguous to appeal to both cultural groups, allowed a certain unity between the wars. As the Second World War approached Lapointe's task of keeping the more imperialist King on this track became increasingly difficult. For example, in September 1938, during the Munich crisis, King sought to commit Canada in advance to be at Britain's side; Lapointe rejected the idea and King returned, reluctantly, to the "Parliament will decide" policy.

In January 1939, however, King bolted definitively from the "Parliament will decide" policy. In Parliament he quoted Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement that "when Britain is at war, Canada is at war." There was no reference to any no-conscription pledge. O.D. Skelton, the Secretary of State for External Affairs, recorded in his diary that the declaration "provoked profound alarm and anger not only in Quebec but among all nationalists." King was on his own, ignoring Lapointe and his staff and following what he thought were the views of "the country as a whole". But the country King knew was English Canada and he could not understand the uproar that his statement had caused.

With King following his instincts the chances of Canada entering the war as a united country seemed bleak. And yet, when war came in September 1939 Canadians did appear united behind Ottawa's policy. Hitler's aggression had helped unite many in a decision to participate, but sympathy for Britain remained the paramount English-Canadian consideration. French-Canadian acceptance of participation (and the evidence indicates that they did accept it) had been achieved by careful preparation. Preparation that King, without Lapointe, was incapable of providing.

Lapointe had realized in January that French Canada would have no voice if King acted alone. Skelton wrote in his diary that Lapointe had asked him to help "prevent the Prime Minister making any more breaks," but even the influential Skelton admitted that he was powerless. Lapointe suggested resigning, which sobered King up, and by the end of March the two leaders were again working together. Lapointe was able to implement three essential elements in the policy, making it acceptable in French Canada. First, Lapointe accepted that Canada could not be neutral in a British war, but put more emphasis on the Canadian interests. The second element was the promise, opposed by many anglophones in cabinet, that overseas conscription would never be applied. Participation, as an autonomous state without conscription, was a formula that Lapointe could sell to his people because all realized that their voice had been heard.

Lapointe's promotion of this pact, the third necessary element ensuring its acceptance in French Canada, was no less important. An excellent speaker, Lapointe presented the government's policy to Parliament and to the public much more effectively than King.

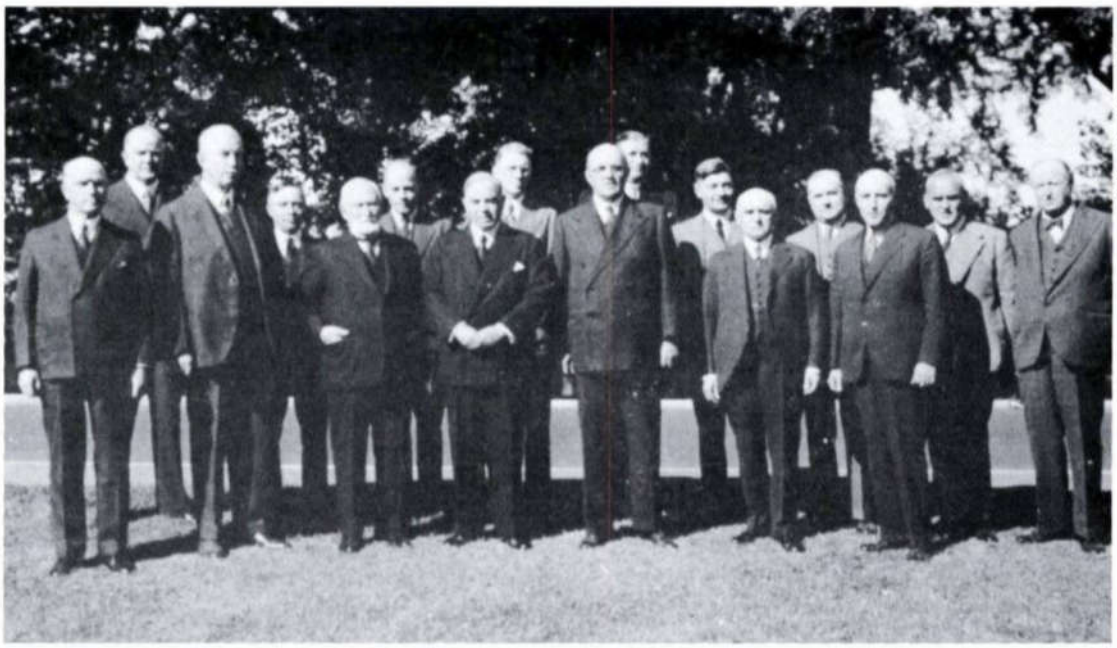
The journalist J.W. Dafoe congratulated Lapointe for his crucial September speech: "about the most effective I ever heard ... I've searched my memory for a parallel without finding one though I have heard not a few of the famous addresses of the past half century."

French Canadians, according to the Quebec minister Chubby Power, considered "that this unofficial *no conscription* pact, made by Lapointe on our behalf" was in force from September 1939. Their confidence in this pact would be tested within a few weeks when Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis called an early election. Presenting himself as the defender of provincial autonomy, Duplessis hoped to capitalize on what he hoped would be strong French-Canadian opposition to

Lapointe's pact. A Duplessis win would have led to innumerable complications for the implementation of the Canadian war policy in the province. And yet, King not only stayed out of the campaign himself, he also did all he could to prevent Lapointe (and the other Quebec Ministers, Power and P.J.A. Cardin) from becoming too involved in the campaign. The Prime Minister was sure Duplessis would win and had King decided Ottawa's policy, national unity would again have been seriously compromised.

The campaign was dominated by arguments for and against the no-conscription pact. French Canadians had to decide who could best defend their interests, the times, could convince himself that Quebecers had expressed their confidence in him; however, at other times he did acknowledge his lieutenant's preponderant importance. "No man in the history of Canada", King wrote Lapointe during the campaign, "will hold a higher place than yourself — not even our beloved chief, Sir Wilfrid, for none has ever had quite so significant a part to play as is yours at the moment."

In early June 1940 a much more serious crisis threatened the fragile unity afforded by the no-conscription pact. With France on the verge of collapse the war had taken a turn for the worse and English-Canadian pressure for overseas conscription rose. As a minimum, the



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The cabinet, 1939. Front row, left to right, W.D. Euler, Trade and Commerce; T.A. Crerar, Mines and Resources; Raoul Dandurand, leader in the Senate; Prime Minister King; Ernest Lapointe, Justice; P.J.A. Cardin, Public Works; J.L. Ralston, Finance. Back row, left to right; J.A. McKinnon, Without Portfolio; J.G. Gardiner, Agriculture; Norman Rogers, National Defence; J.L. Ilsley, National Revenue; Ian Mackenzie, Pensions and National Health; C.G. Power, Postmaster General; J.E. Michaud, Fisheries; C.D. Howe, Transport; Norman McLarty, Labour.

Union Nationale government led by Duplessis opposing the policy, or a Liberal government led by Adélard Godbout supporting it. French Canadians again showed that they had confidence that their voice was heard at Ottawa by voting overwhelmingly for Godbout's Liberals.

Even more than Godbout, it was Lapointe who dominated the campaign. Claiming to be the wall protecting French Canadians against the imposition of conscription, Lapointe had threatened that he, with Power and Cardin, would resign if Duplessis won because this would indicate that the federal ministers no longer had the confidence of the population. The results showed that the population clearly did have confidence in their representatives, or more exactly, in Lapointe. King, at conscriptionists in cabinet sought a national registration. King opposed the measure on 5 June when Lapointe warned of "the devilment it would make of the situation in the province of Quebec." But on 17 June, after the new French leader Philippe Pétain announced that he was seeking armistice terms, Lapointe estimated that Quebec would now accept the measure; the next day King introduced the National Resources Mobilization Act (NRMA) for the defence of Canada. French Canada did accept the measure with surprisingly little resistance. Montreal's mayor Camillien Houde opposed it and encouraged citizens to refuse to register but he was not followed. Even Ottawa's internment of Houde was met with more support than outrage in Quebec.

Lapointe's role was again essential for the acceptance of Ottawa's policy by French Canadians. The fact that Lapointe and King emphasized that the NRMA was for the defence of Canada, not Britain, that conscripts would never be sent overseas and that it had been delayed until after the fall of France helped limit opposition in Quebec. Lapointe could read Quebec public opinion as well as anyone and certainly much more accurately than King. The Prime Minister had opposed acting against Houde, fearing riots in Quebec, but when the Minister of Justice returned from his vacation he had no hesitation and immediately ordered Houde's internment. A *Le Soleil* editorialist in August underlined Lapointe's importance: mobilization had been accepted by French Canadians but they still feared that anglophone pressure on King for conscription might become too great. *"Ce risque sera moins grand"* the author believed *"si le Ministre de la Justice est en état de parler avec autorité."*

When Ernest Lapointe died on 26 November 1941 there was no indication that French Canadians considered him to be a traitor. At Lapointe's funeral King remarked that he had never seen "a larger number of people gathered in the buildings and on the streets, or more in the way of genuine expression of affection and reverent remembrance" at any other funeral in Canada, "not excepting Sir Wilfrid's or Sir John Macdonald's." French Canadians, up to the death of Lapointe, had remained confident that their voice was heard at Ottawa; however, King was now left on his own. He immediately made three critical errors that would destroy French-Canadian confidence.

First, Lapointe had to be replaced. The Prime Minister decided on Louis St. Laurent, described by an anglophone historian as a successful corporation lawyer who spoke eloquent English "and best of all, did not oppose conscription." A francophone historian describes these qualities in different terms: St. Laurent was the defender of large anglophone companies in Quebec, more comfortable in English than in French and neither represented nor understood the French-Canadian mentality. A newcomer to politics and a poor judge of public opinion, St. Laurent did not present the Quebec voice in cabinet. In addition, being a poor speaker to crowds and unknown in the province, he was not recognized by French Canadians as a defender of their interests at Ottawa. He would later be a great asset in cabinet, in his own role, but in December 1941 St. Laurent could not replace Lapointe.

King's second important error, which also occurred within a week of Lapointe's death, was to accept the big army proposed by the military. Cabinet approved the plan a month later but with King's support and no French-Canadian voice there was little opposition. The Canadian war effort was fundamentally altered: in addition to the vital industrial and agricultural effort the country was now committed to maintaining a big army in constant need of reinforcements. J.L. Granatstein and J.M. Hitsman, in *Broken Promises: A History of Conscription in Canada,* point out that "in retrospect, it is clear that the conscription crisis of 1944 became almost a certainty with this decision."

At the same time King made a third important error. He suddenly became convinced that English-Canadian pressure for conscription was too strong to resist. He had been considering the possibility of a plebiscite ever since he knew that Lapointe would not live, in mid-November, and he appears to have decided on it in mid-December 1941. The cabinet finally decided in January 1942 to ask Canadians to release the government "from any obligations arising out of past commitments restricting methods of raising men for military service." Almost overnight the Prime Minister's no-conscription policy became a "conscription if English Canada wants it" policy. French Canada's confidence in the pact disappeared as their voice disappeared from the policy.

From the moment the plebiscite was announced French Canadians felt betrayed. They could not accept that the majority decide whether to respect commitments made to the minority; this clearly denied the minority a voice. In a letter to the American envoy in Canada the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Eugene Fiset, remarked that French Canadians felt it "strange that within a few weeks of the death of Mr. Lapointe, Mr. King should be asking a release from his solemn pledges." As should have been expected, the vote in April 1942 divided francophones (four-to-one opposed) and anglophones (four-to-one in favour). The majority dominated and the NRMA was modified to allow conscripts to be sent overseas. King's promise that they would be sent only if necessary did nothing to reassure French Canadians.

What could Lapointe have done had he lived? First, he never would have allowed St. Laurent to be considered for the crucial Quebec lieutenant role. Lapointe was much more aware than King of what was involved in presenting Quebec's voice in cabinet and Ottawa's policies in Quebec. He had told the Prime Minister that the only person who could possibly fill the role — at some time in the future — was Godbout. But Godbout refused and, according to H.B. Neatby, King did not insist, preferring St. Laurent.

Concerning the big army, the Cabinet War Committee had vetoed the military's demand for a larger overseas force in July 1941, when Lapointe was there. The Quebec lieutenant had not been the only minister opposed, in fact, Colonel J.L. Ralston had proven to be the only member uncritically in favour. Lapointe's voice in December would probably have helped stiffen King to continue resisting Ralston.

As for the plebiscite, King's secretary, J.W. Pickersgill, believes that had Lapointe lived there never would have been a plebiscite; Lapointe would have been able to see something that King could not see. Even if King had insisted on a plebiscite Lapointe, in exchange, would have sought something: perhaps a question asking a compromise from both groups, or requiring a double majority ... something to show that French Canada's voice was heard. But St. Laurent sought nothing. His entire political organization even walked out on him after he had refused to pledge himself against conscription. Arthur Cardin, the only other Francophone Quebecker in cabinet, resigned shortly after the plebiscite and King, with no French-Canadian voice in cabinet, remained virtually unaware that the minority's confidence had been lost.

Clearly, King's no-conscription policy had changed dramatically in early December 1941, but were events other than Lapointe's death responsible? In early November Arthur Meighen who had been returned as Conservative leader, was calling for overseas conscription. This focussed attention on the issue, but English-Canadian pressure for conscription had been significant during the previous three years, and King had always resisted while Lapointe had been present. Shortly after, another event increased conscriptionist pressure. On 7 December Japan attacked Pearl Harbour, bringing the United States into the war with conscription. But this turning point in the war, unlike the fall of France, would favour the Allied cause. Churchill's reaction to the news was: "So we had won after all!" That King's reaction should be: "I need to surrender to English-Canadian conscriptionists" was not inevitable. Furthermore, the increased pressure in cabinet for overseas conscription — as well as King's acceptance of the big army — had occurred the week before Pearl Harbour.

The 1944 conscription crisis was the direct result of King's three errors in early December 1941. In November 1944 the military cried that reinforcements were required to maintain the big army; English-Canadians demanded that the government act on the plebiscite results; and French-Canadian representation in cabinet — if it was aware of the mood in Quebec — was too weak to influence King. The Prime Minister decided to send 16,000 home defence soldiers overseas. The pact was broken.

French Canadians did not accept the measure. Their voice had not been heard as St. Laurent approved the decision, seeking no compromise and nothing in exchange. Ernest Lapointe's son Hughes Lapointe, elected to parliament in 1940, was one of the Liberals opposed to the motion. King remained the best of the federal leaders, Hughes Lapointe told the House, but Quebec cannot "forget the breaking of a pledge which to them was sacred." King recorded in his diary that he had decided to instruct St. Laurent to reply, "otherwise we were letting [Hughes] become the voice of Quebec in voting against the administration." But King, although he still had not realized it, had lost the confidence of Quebec and French Canadians from Quebec voted against the measure 34 to 13 with 8 abstentions.

National Archives of Canada

Louis St. Laurent, left, and Mr. King.

It is difficult to imagine what Ernest Lapointe could have done at this stage. L.P. Picard, Lapointe's former secretary and Member of Parliament since 1940, suggested that Lapointe's "weight in the councils of the nation would have strenghtened the will of the Prime Minister to prevent some of the measures which have divided us and at times taken our minds away from Canada's wonderful accomplishments in the war. Never has a man's passing away been so sadly felt, especially when we realize that his presence might have been such an agent of cohesion and of unity."

The conscription question during the Second World War illustrates clearly how important it is that the minority voice be heard in Canadian policy. From 1939 to 1941, while Ernest Lapointe represented them, French Canadians believed that their voice was considered in cabinet; consequently, they were willing to compromise at times and accept the majority decisions even on such important issues as participation in the war and mobilization for the defence of Canada. But after Lapointe's death they felt they were no longer heard at Ottawa and French Canadian's could no longer accept the decisions of the English-Canadian majority, most notably the 1942 plebiscite and the 1944 decision to send conscripts overseas. Increasingly, French Canadians believed that to have a voice in decisions affecting their future they would have to look much more towards their provincial government at Quebec. French-Canadians became Québécois. ◆

John MacFarlane is working on his doctorate in history at Laval University, Quebec City.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AT ONION LAKE

When two labour organizers went missing, their friends suspected it was murder

By LAUREL SEFTON MacDOWELL

On 18 November, 1929, two Finnish organizers, Viljo Rosvall and John Voutilainen, members of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of Canada (LWIU), left Port Arthur on union business to tour the surrounding lumber camps. They were last seen alive walking on the east side of Onion Lake near Thunder Bay. Their bodies were found the following spring in a shallow creek leading to the lake. Their "peculiar disappearance" and the cause of their deaths remain a mystery today, but the union at once suspected foul play.

The incident occurred during the 1929 strike in camps near Port Arthur (now part of the city of Thunder Bay). The unions — the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) and LWIU — attempted to organize bushmen working in inaccessible camps for individual subcontractors hired by the lumber companies. Firms like the American Pidgeon Timber Company outwardly ignored the strike but vigorously opposed unionization by importing strikebreakers from Winnipeg. The main issue in the strike was pay. In 1926 the LWIU had won a rate of $5.00 a cord for piece-workers and $50 plus board for men paid by the month, but by 1929 the rates were down and the union wanted them restored. The union drive was weakened not only by corporate opposition but by bitter factionalism between the two competing radical unions, the IWW and the LWIU. The workers were agreed on the wage issue but not on which union should represent them. The LWIU was the strongest faction but neither it nor the IWW wanted to share the leadership of the strike. Not willing to leave the field, the IWW charged its rival with opportunism and sometimes organized competing meetings. Alf Hautamaki, a LWIU official believed that "without the underhanded opposition of the IWW, this struggle would have become one of the most important struggles of lumber workers of Canada."

Instead, the strike became a disaster. The press, which sympathized with the companies, enforced a news black-out of the strike because, it was argued, the situation in the spruce forest "was dangerous and explosive: with the OPP [Ontario Provincial Police], the strikers and the strikebreakers carrying arms, and with trainloads of foreign-born workers coming in with little idea of the situation they were facing." And, despite the relative homogeneity of the workforce, ethnic conflict emerged when some Finnish subcontractors' camps became "strongholds of White Finnish anti-unionism". The "whites" opposed the left-wingers in the Canadian Finnish community (a majority in this region) whose efforts to close down anti-labour camps led to "violent and futile confrontations."

The strike was probably lost when the LWIU decided to send Rosvall and Voutilainen, the two organizers, to the Pidgeon River camps on Onion Lake, 20 miles east of Port Arthur. It was a last-ditch attempt to try to expand the conflict and force the American Pidgeon Company to negotiate. Union leaders had some misgivings about the journey and the names of those to make the trip were chosen from a draw which excluded married men. Rosvall and Voutilainen realized that it was a dangerous mission but they were competent for the job. Then they disappeared. Because they were experienced woodsmen, and because they had been threatened previously by a lumber boss, the union believed that they had been murdered. The police made a cursory investigation and were satisfied that the men must have drowned while crossing ice.

Worried about their missing co-workers, on 8 December, 1929, the lumbermen called an emergency mass meeting. It passed a resolution which demanded that the federal and provincial governments take immediate steps to locate the missing men and make every effort to discover the cause of their disappearance. The union notified the OPP of their missing colleagues but, as one frustrated official wrote, "We can't get the police to act."

The union was supported by the Canadian Labour Defence League (CLDL), a Communist-backed organization formed in 1925 to provide legal services for activists and radicals in trouble. In the area the lumbermen raised local funds, conducted their own searches and elected a union committee to work on the case with the CLDL and J.L. Cohen, the Toronto labour lawyer. In December 1929, Cohen wrote to Deputy Attorney-General Bayley of Ontario that "there is very grave suspicion that these men have met with some violence by employers who would be opposed to their mission." His request for a provincial probe made headlines but the government was satisfied with the police explanation that the men had gone through the ice and the bodies would not be discovered until spring.

The lumbermen never believed that Rosvall and Voutilainen had lost their way and gone through the ice. Both were young (in their twenties) but Rosvall was rough and courageous, impetuous and active in union camp committees and Voutilainen, a quieter man, "knew the Onion Lake area like the back of his hand." On 19 April 1930 Voutilainen's body was found by some co-workers in one of the creeks leading to Onion Lake in about two feet of water. Four days later Rosvall's body was found a few hundred yards away on the bank of the same creek.

The discovery of the bodies was the climax in a minor power struggle that pervaded the camps all winter as the lumbermen were determined to find out what had happened to their friends.

After initial search parties in late December found no trace of the men, the union maintained a permanent search party right at Onion Lake. A cramped trapper's cabin a mile and a half from the Maki camps (Leonard Maki was a subcontractor and chief suspect in the case) became their headquarters. Several unionists stayed there until the spring thaw, patrolling the area on skis and trapping for food. To ensure that their friends' bodies would not be removed secretly, the union called off the strike in December and concentrated on finding Rosvall and Voutilainen. The strike had gained nothing and the activists had been blacklisted. The union raised money for its investigation into the disappearance and ironically, after the death of the two organizers, became more active and attracted more members in the district. Joe Farbey explained to A.E. Smith of the CLDL in Toronto that the maintenance of search parties was not a simple undertaking. "You must understand the part of the country that these men have been lost in is practically desolate and is covered with four feet of snow." It cost a great deal to maintain search parties in such conditions, and they were met with hostility from the American Pidgeon Timber Company, whose men chased the searchers from the camps. In the area around the lumber camp and the lake, almost no lumbering work was done while the two sides waited for spring. The lumbermen feared that the subcontractor's men would

Finnish Society, Thunder Bay

The search party at Onion Lake.

Finnish Society, Thunder Bay

The search party with the body of one of the missing men, spring 1930.

try to move the bodies to a nearby lake with the lumber they were going to run in the spring floods. They were determined to find the bodies first and kept a close watch day and night. Cohen, their lawyer, made representations to the Ontario government to have the gates of a dam at the south end of Onion Lake lifted so that water could flow out during the spring floods, and to have a net placed over the dam to catch the bodies. This method had been adopted the previous year with the government's permission to recover the body of a drowned horse. Before anything was done, the lumbermen succeeded in their grim task and found the bodies.

Once the bodies were discovered an inquest was ordered. Voutilainen's body showed some marks of violence around the head, and Rosvall's arm had been broken. Suspicion in the community deepened, but the inquest concluded that both deaths were the result of "accidental drowning". Cohen was sceptical and told the union that "it seems odd that two men would fall into four feet of water and both drown. I do not believe that the evidence can go further than asserting that it seems odd, but on the other hand, the inquiry seems to have been governed by a spirit which ignored any of the doubtful elements."

The Finnish branch of the CLDL collected money for funeral expenses and buried the bodies. The funeral was attended by 10,000 workers, including representatives of both unions, "marching in solemn parade to the burial of two men whom they regarded as martyred to their cause." The giant procession followed the pallbearers through the streets of Port Arthur behind a brass band playing Chopin's Funeral March. The event was further dramatized by what appeared to be a symbolic eclipse of the sun. Said one of the eulogists, "God himself ... is ashamed of this heinous crime, ashamed that the murderers remain free." The tragedy united the factions within the Finnish community and internal disagreements during the strike were replaced by a consensus among Finns that the two men had been beaten before they drowned. The two men became martyrs of the bushworkers' organizing struggles and "heroic victims of class war." Their deaths were commemorated by the labour movement, the Finnish newspaper *Vapuus* and in the whole northern Ontario Finnish community, as they symbolized the struggle of all workers to resist oppressive conditions and anti-union employers. But the mystery of what actually transpired at Onion Lake in November, 1929 was buried with the two young men. ◆

Laurel Sefton MacDowell is Associate Professor, Department of History, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

Reflections on the North

Specially reflected for *The Beaver*

By Stephen Leacock

Some years ago I was engaged in Montreal in what is called "historical research", a thing done by professors in the heart of the summer in the depth of a library where there is no one to check up their time. Often it takes years and years to write a chapter.

But the point is that I wanted to make a reference to the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company over two and a half centuries ago, and I wanted to be certain of their official name. The companies of those days had queer names, all alike and yet all different — "gentlemen" of this and "adventurers" of that, or "merchants" of the other. I couldn't remember whether the Hudson's Bay Company were called gentlemen, or adventurers, or business men, or captains of industry, or crooks. I looked into a lot of old volumes and got no wiser. Then a sudden idea came to me: "I'll telephone them!" It had occurred to my mind that the Hudson's Bay Company of Charles the Second were still right there down town in Montreal and doing business. So I called the number and asked, "Would you mind telling me the full official name of your company?" "Certainly. We're often asked for it. We're the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay."

It seems wonderful, doesn't it? I almost imagined myself going a

little further and saying, "Hullo, Prince Rupert, can I speak with your cousin Mr. Charles the Second?" "Hold the line a minute and I'll see. I'm sorry, our Mr. Charles is in conference with our Miss Nell Gwynne, and we don't like to disturb him."

The thoughts aroused by such an incident characterize the size and majesty of the Great North; the fascinating sweep of time and space that its name involves; the North, where man scribbles in vain a little history and Nature buries it in a blizzard of snow.

The North is the only place where Nature still can claim to rule, the only place as yet but little vexed by man. All over the globe there spread his noisy failures; the North alone is silent and in peace. Give man time and he will spoil that too; but the time has not, thank Heaven, as yet arrived. The fascists, we read, are mowing down the reds or whatever they are, in Barcelona with machine guns. But the Eskimos of Ungava are not troubling the Algonquins. Someone is dropping bombs all round Gibraltar, but none fall on the delta of the Mackenzie. The organization of the air defence of London hums as loud as the mosquitoes of the Great Slave Lake, but all is quiet on the Coppermine. The Poles are so worked up about their corridor to the sea that there may be a first class war about it; but the Indians are using the same old portage route from the Moose to the Albany, and going right across the railway track, and no one worries about it.

Compared with the rest of a troubled world, the North seems a vast realm of peace.

No great war, no war on a real scale, ever devastated the Great Northwest. But listen to this forgotten — or rather unknown — episode of history. That arch-disturber of mankind, Napoleon Bonaparte, once tried to make such a war, once planned to strike at England by means of a great sweep to be made from the snow-covered plains and mountains of the West. This was to take the Canadas and the settlements of the seaboard from the rear. Students of military science like myself (I like it best when it's about a hundred and fifty years old) do not need to be told that a crack in the rear is about the most deadly thing that one general can administer to the other. That is why a great commander like Marlborough or Napoleon was always careful to have his rear resting on something reliable — like a marsh, or broken rock or a field of cactus. And that was why a great mind like that of Napoleon would turn to grandiose schemes of hitting, not merely another general in the rear, but a whole nation. Napoleon went to Egypt, not to kill the Egyptians — that was just done on the side — but with a view to getting at the rear of Turkey, and he planned the still vaster enterprise of throwing India on the rear of Europe. But for the defeat of Tippoo Sahib at Seringapatam this might have been done. Readers who don't know about this "rear" business often wonder how people like Tippoo Sahib and Zenghis Khan get into our history. That's it — by the rear entrance.

Well, at any rate Napoleon's plan was to organize the vast tribes of the Northwest — presumably the Crees and the Doukhobors and the Albertans — to overwhelm Ottawa and Montreal. His idea was correct in a way and came true later on, but it was premature. It was characteristic of Napoleon's profound ignorance of America, to imagine the Northwest filled with likely looking Indians who could be recruited into Kellerman's dragoons and Milhaud's cuirassiers and descend (in four or five days) from the Rocky Mountains on Montreal with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

So Napoleon set out to get information. All that could be found out in Paris (the year was about 1805) was that a man called Mackenzie had been right across the continent to the Pacific Ocean and had written a book about it, published in 1801 under the title *Voyages on the River St. Lawrence and Through the Continent of America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans* — which, for a Scotchman, was short and snappy. Napoleon ordered the book translated in French and printed. Only two or three copies were made, beautifully bound and embellished. There is no trace of any of them left except of the copy given to General Bernadotte, afterwards, by Napoleon's influence, made Crown Prince of Sweden, and great-grandfather to the present king. Napoleon wrote to Bernadotte about the scheme, and hence our knowledge of it. The information gathered showed its emptiness — at the time — but later on the notion of a descent from Alberta to take Ottawa

A 'Beaver' Treasury

Stephen Butler Leacock (1869-1944) was born in Hampshire, England, and came to Canada as a child. Educated at Upper Canada College, the University of Toronto and the University of Chicago, he became a master at UCC in 1889. He joined the faculty at McGill University, Montreal, in 1903 and served as Professor of Political Science from 1908 until his retirement in 1936.

He wrote extensively on history and economics, but is best remembered today as a humorist. Books such as *Literary Lapses, Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* and *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy* established his reputation as a funny man throughout the English-speaking world. *Reflections on the North — Specially reflected for The Beaver* was published in our December 1936 issue.

in the rear has been worked out with success.

When I write about the North I speak with a certain authority. For I know the North, as few people know it. In the corporeal, bodily sense, I have never been there. But in my arm chair, in front of the fire in my house on Cote des Neiges Road in Montreal, I have traversed it all, from the portages back of Lake Superior to where the Mackenzie delta washes into the tidal seas. I have been with Franklin on the Coppermine and Coronation Gulf, with Hudson till I lost him owing to his own folly, with Mackenzie over the divide, in Red River ox-carts with Butler, and in the foothills with Milton and Cheadle. In the snow-storms and arctic blizzards I feel perfectly at home; if it gets really bad I just lie down in the snow, along with Stefansson, and let it bury me completely and lie there for a day or two and read a book till it moderates. But I must say I don't think I ever felt such intense cold as on crossing the Coppermine running hard with ice through barren treeless country of slate and stone. Imagine trusting oneself on a river like that on a sort of raft or boat made of willow sticks, wet to the skin, in piercing cold. I had to get up and mix a hot whisky and stir the fire and leave Franklin and Richardson to freeze awhile till I rejoined them.

A fine story that, *The Journey to the Polar Sea,* by John Franklin: not the narrative of his immortal adventure and heroic death, but the earlier journey down the Mackenzie and along the polar shores with Richardson and young Back. There is a very human little incident in the tale of how Lieutenant Back, youthful and ardent, nearly got left out of the expedition — stayed behind to go to a dance. They sailed without him and he caught them at the Orkneys or somewhere. Back later became a knight and an admiral, returned to the North, again as an explorer, and discovered the Back River that commemorates his name.

Let no one think, from what was said above, of the silence and peace of the North, I am trying to depict it as a vast frozen emptiness. Far be it from me to fall into that worn-out fallacy of the lifelessness of the North. If I ever shared it, I was cured of it long ago by an angry letter I once received from Vilhjalmur Stefansson, an angry letter that proved the beginning of a personal friendship of over twenty years. I had written a little book called *Adventures of the Far North* and had spoken in it of the North as "Here in this vast territory civilization has no part and life no place. Life struggles northward only to die out in the arctic cold."

Stefansson, who takes a personal pride in the North and regards Baffin Bay as a superior social centre to Naragansett Beach, felt affronted and wrote, in substance: "You may be a hell of a humorist, but what you don't know about the North would fill a book. Don't you understand that the North is full of flowers and butterflies and life everywhere?" I answered back mildly: "I meant further north still. The thing must stop somewhere." But I learned the lesson, and I know now that it is just a poet's fancy to speak of the Great North as "silent and untenanted." I am well aware, without being told again by Tyrrell or Stefansson, or anyone touchy about it, that the North "teems everywhere with animal and plant life." I read the other day a rather spiteful account, by an English settler, of the mosquitoes on the shores of the Great Slave Lake that made me quite envious. I happen to be the president of the Anti-Mosquito Society of East Simcoe, one of the few active offices that I still retain in retirement. What with coal oil and such things, we have killed off so many mosquitoes that we are beginning to run out of them and may have to send for more. It is good to know that if a real shortage comes

the Great Slave Lake district can supply an adequate "carryover."

But if the North, even at its emptiest, still waves with Arctic flowers and hums with a mist of insects, there is a sense in it which contrasts with all other parts of the globe. The roles of man and nature, as seen elsewhere, are reversed. The elemental forces still rule; and over it falls, inevitable and eternal, the winter night.

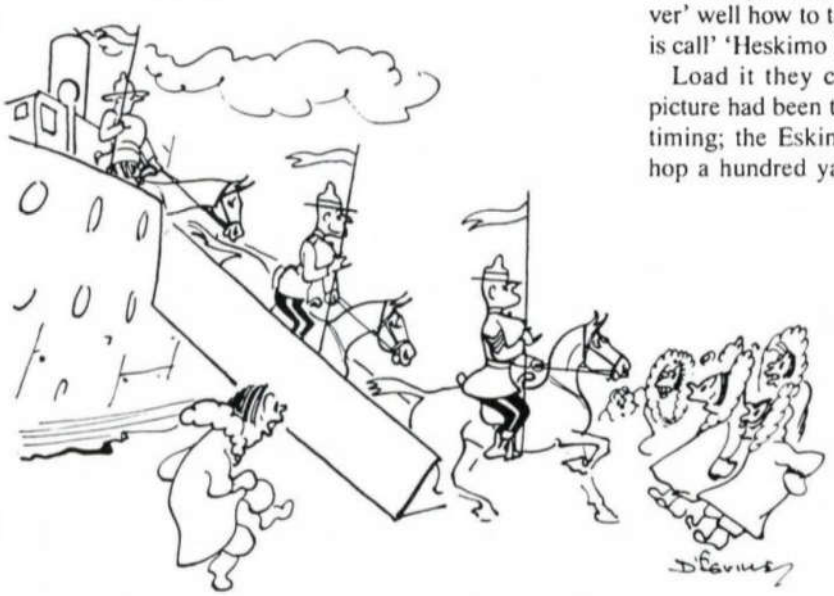
Vilhjalmur Stefansson is not the only one of the great explorers of our time whom I have been privileged to know. I recall a wonderful evening in my house at Montreal, listening to Roald Amundsen, just back from his discovery of the South Pole. The eminence of that exploit makes it part of the history of the world, and makes people lose from sight Amundsen's earlier achievement: his accomplishment, in the little *Gjoa,* of the Northwest Passage, which gives him a place in the heroic annals of Canada. Amundsen, when I met him, was lecturing — a job which he hated as much as all good lecturers do — in order to get enough money to make another polar voyage, anywhere so long as it was polar. I was to be chairman of his meeting, and so I called upon him after breakfast with a list of social invitations — things he abominated. I said, "Captain Amundsen, the Ladies' Morning Musicale would like to invite you as their guest this morning." "Thank you," he said, "but I would rather not." I went on to the next item. "Sir William Peterson would like to know if you would care to come up at ten o'clock and see McGill University?" "Thank you; I would rather not see it." "The Woman's Canadian Club are holding a lunch and would like you to come as a guest of honour." "That is very kind, but I would rather not." "The Ski Club want to give a tea." "No, thank you." "The Norski, Danski, and Svenski Associations would like to escort you with torches from the hotel to the hall." "It is very kind, but no, I would rather take a cab."

"Now," I said, "we come to the last item. After your lecture is over, will you come up to my house and have some Scotch whisky?" "Yes, very gladly, indeed; that is most kind." And at my house that night Amundsen talked till the small hours of his South Pole experience, talking chiefly with Jack McCrae of Flanders Fields, who was also a polar explorer of sorts, having just made a trip through the Hudson Straits.

I also knew Captain Bernier, our own Canadian explorer, who saw more of our arctic seas than any other living man. I met him at a big dinner in New York, where he was the chief guest. He had some moving pictures — very new and very imperfect things then — of polar scenes. Bernier apologized for them. "I 'ave to hapologize," he said, "for the pictures. We didn't know ver' well how to take them. This one is call' 'Heskimo Loading Coal'!"

Load it they certainly did! The picture had been taken with a wrong timing; the Eskimos dashed in one hop a hundred yards from the ship to a great cliff of coal; their picks moved so fast you could not see the points; they filled bags of coal in four seconds; and were back on the ship in one hop. Next to me at the banquet sat an American coal man. "Gee," he said, "I wish I had those fellers at thirty cents an hour!"

Ernest Shackleton I knew also, and well. It is not generally known, for it has never been made history, that after the war Shackleton planned a Canadian polar expedition to explore the Beaufort Sea. He had wanted to



The RCMP Musical Ride that went to Cape York instead of New York. Cartoons by D'Egville from "The Beaver", 1936, 1937.

go south again, but the British admiralty were very half-hearted about giving him support. So he turned to Canada, and came to Montreal to raise money. I was one of those who tried to help in this, and, with the government's and private generosity, we soon had plenty of money in sight for the expedition. Exploration is as cheap as human life itself. I arranged on behalf of Shackleton for the services of a corps of young McGill scientists. Then he asked me if I would like to go as historiographer, and I said yes. I knew McGill would spare me. Any college would send its staff to the Beaufort Sea any time. I said I needed no pay, and so for twenty-four hours I was historiographer of the Beaufort Sea Canadian Expedition.

But it came to a sudden end. I said to Shackleton that I would supply all my own Scotch whisky for the year's trip, as I didn't want to be a charge on the ship. And he said they didn't take whisky on polar expeditions and, outside of the medicine chest, didn't allow it. Another illusion of the North shattered! I always thought that explorers, the ship once well set in the ice and buried in snow, went down below with a pack of cards and a keg of whisky. But it seems not. They take observations. I resigned, and a little later news came that the admiralty had gone right about face and Shackleton was given a ship, and he went south and never came back.

But all of this that I have said of the North is supposed to move groping towards a general idea, to throw a dim light upon a general conclusion. Here is this vast, beautiful space — the last part of human heritage to be reached and explored by man. Not much longer can it remain in isolation. Its infinite distance is gone. It thrills with the waves and currents of talking voices: over it hovers the searching aeroplane. Mankind that filled the empty savannahs of the West is moving on the North. Human life and human livelihood have learned easily to adapt themselves where once was hyperborean darkness.

Stephen Leacock

We, speaking collectively for all mankind, have for the present at least made a mess of the rest of the world. Our contriving wits and calculating selfishness had somehow cheated us of what seemed our inheritance. Man struggles in the grasp of his own machinery.

For the North let us make it different. If the vast lands that edge the polar seas — Scandinavia, Russia, Canada — are to be filled with electric light that dims the aurora, with power that defies the cold, and resources that supply the world, let us see to it that in the new trust of the future of the North we make fewer errors than in the old. ◆

***The Beaver*, December 1936**

Leacock Speaking

- A man will freely confess that he has no ear for music, or no taste for fiction, or no interest in religion. But I have yet to see the man who announces that he has no sense of humour.
- There is an old motto that runs, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." This is nonsense. It ought to read — "If at first you don't succeed, quit, quit, at once.
- Lord Ronald said nothing; he flung himself from the room, flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions.
- Advertising may be described as the science of arresting the human intelligence long enough to get money from it.
- We may define business in a broad, general way as the art of losing money.
- You just jot down ideas as they occur to you. The jotting is simplicity itself — it is the occurring which is difficult.
- I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.
- Many a man in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.

Artist on a Death March

By Clarence Tillenius

ARCTIC ARTIST
The Journal and Paintings of George Back, Midshipman with Franklin, 1819-1822

Edited by C. Stuart Houston; Commentary by I.S. MacLaren. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal and Kingston, 1994. 403 pp., illus. $45.00.

In the June/July 1994 issue of *The Beaver* was this tantalizing item: "Two bound sketchbooks by Midshipman (later Admiral) George Back (1796-1878) were recently acquired from Back's English descendants and brought back to Canada by the National Archives. ... Despite their small size, the sketchbooks are a rich visual witness of this ill-fated expedition in which 11 of the 20 men starved to death in the summer and early fall of 1821."

The story of the unearthing of Back's Journals and these sketchbooks by the zealous searches and detective work by Dr. C. Stuart Houston, his wife Mary, and Professor Ian MacLaren that resulted in the book *Arctic Artist* is fascinating in itself. Editor/researcher Houston remarks: "It still seems an odd stroke of luck that an amateur historian in Saskatchewan [himself] should have had the opportunity to locate, transcribe, and edit the journals of all three officers under Franklin in 1819-22."

What can be the fascination — after 170 years — of yet another book on the ill-fated and disastrous Franklin expedition of 1819-22? To the trilogy researched and edited by C. Stuart Houston, beginning with the story of artist Robert Hood *To the Arctic by Canoe 1818-21* published 1974, the *Arctic Ordeal, the Journal of John Richardson, Surgeon-Naturalist with Franklin 1820-1822* published 1984, is added now the Journal and paintings of possibly the most intriguing of Franklin's officers, George Back.

Houston muses: "The British seem obsessed with gallant failure. Two of their most remembered explorers are Robert Falcon Scott and John Franklin. Both led inadequately planned expeditions with insufficient backup, took incredible risks and captured the nation's fancy. Had Scott and Franklin been successful, achieved their goals and lived to tell the tale, they would have earned their rightful place in the annals of history — and been forgotten. Instead, they have remained [heroes] in the public eye".

George Back

The truth of Dr. Houston's comment is amply demonstrated. The ill-conceived, poorly carried out expedition to the South Pole in which Scott and his devoted companions lost their lives made him an immortal hero to the British public, while in the same year the expertly planned, flawlessly executed journey to the Pole by Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen brought Amundsen as reward the vilification and hatred of much of the English nation for the rest of his life.

But the life and art of George Back, here so tellingly presented and analysed by Dr. Houston and art researcher and commentator Ian MacLaren, followed a different and intriguing pattern. Accepted into the Royal Navy at the age of 12, Back fought in several naval engagements, was captured by the French and spent 5 years as a prisoner of war in France. Here he honed his artistic skills and gained fluency in French. Both skills helped make him an indispensable member of Commander John Franklin's team when, after being released from captivity in May 1814, he was appointed midshipman (not yet 20 years old) in July 1814 and in 1818 volunteered to serve under Franklin in his quest for the North-West Passage.

So zestful and vigorous are Back's hurriedly written observations — both of people and the beauties (and sometimes terrors) of the landscapes traversed — (all meticulously transcribed by Dr. Houston and associates directly from Back's own handwritten

George Back: "Crossing the Barren Lands". From "Arctic Artist".

reports) — that one senses immediately the gifted artist he was, whether with pen, pencil or brush.

Witness this terse description: "when he arrives at the end of Portage la Loche ... he stands on the edge of an immense precipice — and like one bewildered in some vast labyrinth — the view is that of a valley some thousand feet beneath you, in length upwards of 30 miles — covered with snow — farther distant, less light — decreasing in brightness — till it becomes insensibly lost in the deep blue mist of the distant perspective — it is bounded on each side by immense hills — the fragments of gigantic mountains irregularly broken — like to the confusion of an earthquake — indiscribably [*sic*] grand — the one side is burnished over with luxuriant foliage of the pine and cypress — the other with cold and sterile poplar — half lost in snow — while here and there on the summit — scattered promiscuously — dark towering forests hang half suspended — the valley is filled with trees of various kinds and adds a finish to the scene — the path on which you descend is so narrow, that without great care — you may be precipitated by one false step to certain destruction — I do not pretend to describe the beauties of this view — the pencil (brush) being a more powerful vehicle than the pen for that purpose, for the whole is apt to vanish before the minute parts can be described ..."

Houston notes: "Back's journal allows us to make a better assessment of the rigidity and stubbornness of Franklin, a product of the old British 'do or die' school who drove his men far too hard. Back sometimes criticizes decisions made by his chief. For example, on 18 September 1821 we learn that Back wished to follow the caribou tracks to the southwest rather than proceed directly on course for Fort Enterprise. 'It would be a misfortune to leave the deer tracks', he writes, 'for in this measure lay all the distress that shortly befell us'."

Franklin decreed that the expedition push on, though their condition was already becoming desperate. Back's journal notes "... the men also began to make heavy complaints of the risks they continually run of being stove by the sea or canoes falling in pieces under them — they spoke openly of their fears of never returning and of starving ..."

At Point Turnagain Franklin conceded defeat and the retreat began. Although they had escaped the threat of drowning, an even more gruelling overland trek was yet to come.

What follows, in Back's daily notes, are the harrowing details of the "death march", the endeavour to regain their initial starting point alive. For half the company, it was not to be. Exhaustion, starvation and the deadly cold claimed one life after another: despair, murder, even cannibalism make gruesome reading.

Amazing that any survived: still more amazing that Back — near

death himself — could yet contrive to record daily their terrible struggles. Posterity can only thank him for this engrossing narrative and for the paintings done on that grim expedition.

The reproductions in colour of Back's watercolours add immensely to the appeal of *Arctic Artist* as do the insightful commentaries by Ian MacLaren.

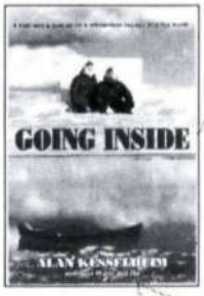
This third volume in Dr. Houston's trilogy is a book to be treasured in any library. ◆

Wildlife artist Clarence Tillenius of Winnipeg has travelled extensively in Northern Canada and was elected a Fellow of the Explorers' Club of New York and of the Royal Geographical Society, London. He has been a contributor to "The Beaver" since the 1940s.

LeMoyne, Scourge of the English

THE BEAVER JUNE/JULY

EXPERIENCE CANADA — THE LAND *and* ITS INHABITANTS



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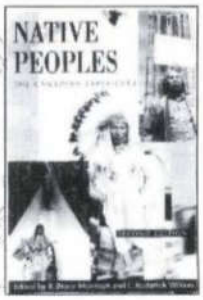

McClelland & Stewart The Canadian Publishers

An Historian in Politics

By Robert Saunders

SEEING CANADA WHOLE
A Memoir

By J.W. Pickersgill. Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Markham, 1994. 858 pp., illus. $45.00.

Observer and participant: J.W. Pickersgill with Winston Churchill and Louis St. Laurent.

Mackenzie King was horrified.

The old idea of a universal family allowance, long a pet project of visionary radicals, was being urged on him by responsible, right-thinking men such as Graham Towers at the Bank of Canada and Clifford Clark in the Department of Finance. It had even found a champion in Jack Pickersgill, a young but highly regarded member of the Prime Minister's Office. They all ought to know better, King fumed. Quite apart from the cost, it must be obvious that direct federal payments to parents would sap initiative and erode that sturdy self-reliance of which Canadians were so proud.

That had not been his experience, said Pickersgill. He told King that if his mother had not received a government pension as the widow of a war veteran, he would have had to support his family and could never have attended university.

King, it seems, was impressed and soon afterwards family allowances — popularly dubbed "the baby bonus" — became the law of the land. It is probable that King had discerned that the time was ripe for such a scheme after all and it may be that he wanted, once again, to outflank the CCF. But there is also some evidence that Pickersgill's story played a part in changing the prime minister's mind.

Pickersgill's confrontation with King reveals how strongly the former's liberalism is rooted in the experiences of his own life. Jack Pickersgill has not only been a staunch Liberal in politics but he has a liberal bent of mind as well. (The terms are not synonymous.) He once defined his brand of liberalism as an aspiration for social justice combined with a devotion to individual liberty. Now in his ninetieth year, he has published his memoirs and it is fascinating to observe how that liberalism was developed and strengthened at each stage in his career.

His opening chapter on growing up in Ashern, a farming community in the Interlake district of Manitoba, displays a skill in narration and an eye for significant detail that suggests how good an historian Canada lost when Pickersgill abandoned his academic career for the public service. In this chapter also he first reveals an endearing gift for gentle self-mockery that persists throughout the book and is, unfortunately, all too rare in political memoirs.

It is noteworthy how many of the senior civil servants with whom Pickersgill was later to associate — the so-called "Ottawa mandarins" — came from the same background as he did. Canada's small towns and farms seemed at this time to be a breeding ground for civic virtues. It has been argued that the past few decades have seen a falling off in these virtues and that fewer people are now willing to dedicate themselves to the public welfare. If that is true, it is possible that this phenomenon can be linked to the emergence of big cities.

A sound university education was another experience shared by most of the senior Ottawa bureaucrats. Aided by a scholarship and with the support of a devoted and determined mother, Pickersgill enrolled at the University of Manitoba in 1922 where he studied history under Chester Martin. Martin had been awarded the first Rhodes Scholarship in North America in 1904 and had established the Department of History at the University of Manitoba five years

later. He was an austere, aloof man but Pickersgill found him to be an excellent teacher and he appears to have turned to him on occasion for advice and guidance.

Chester Martin was a leading exponent of the then-prevalent school of thought that viewed Canadian history before Confederation as being primarily about the slow, steady and, above all, peaceful development of responsible government and British-style parliamentary institutions. (Martin largely ignored the 1837 uprisings in Upper and Lower Canada.) This version of Canadian history has come under severe attack in recent years but there is no doubt that it left a strong imprint on a whole generation of public servants and constitutionalists. It is even possible that Pickersgill's vigorous defence of the Meech Lake Accord many years later can be attributed, at least in part, to Martin's influence.

Pickersgill was soon to find himself working closely with another historian who did even more than Martin to shape his thinking. After studying at Oxford and Paris for a couple of years, he returned to Winnipeg in 1929 to teach history at Wesley College (now part of the University of Winnipeg). The entire history department at the college consisted of himself and the department's head, Arthur Lower.

Lower, like Chester Martin, was by all accounts a more than somewhat daunting figure. Insisting on high standards and possessing a sharp tongue, he had little patience with the kind of intellectual pretentiousness sometimes found in universities. He and Pickersgill, however, got along splendidly, for those whom he admitted into the circle of his intimates saw an altogether different side of his character. For them he was not only a wise mentor but also a loyal and steadfast friend. Pickersgill has nothing but praise for him in his memoirs and he says that Lower taught him more Canadian history than any other person and inspired many hundreds of students.

Pickersgill's respect for Lower must also have been enhanced by the fact that the latter was no mere academic. Chester Martin, fine scholar though he was, had tended at times to be rather prissy. (He once said that the earthier antics of Joseph Howe should be passed over with "a seemly reticence".) Lower, on the other hand, knew the grim realities of life at first hand. He had, for instance, served as an officer in the British Navy during the 1914 war. Ivory towers were not for him.

It was probably Lower who stripped Pickersgill of the last remnants of his youthful idolizing of Britain and her empire and taught him to think of Canada as an independent country standing on its own feet. It was a lesson he was to carry with him through the rest of his career and it must have helped him to earn the approval of Mackenzie King when he became part of the Prime Minister's Office not long after leaving Wesley College in 1937.

Indeed there were times when he was ahead of King himself in his insistence that Canada should keep its distance from Britain. There is an interesting passage in this connection in King's diary for 20 January, 1939. War was on the horizon and King had been discussing with Pickersgill and Arnold Heeney the idea of resurrecting the formula used in earlier years by King's revered mentor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which stated that when Britain was at war, Canada was automatically at war also. King noted in his diary that Pickersgill was appalled at this. Evidently Pickersgill felt that, whatever the formula may have signified in Laurier's day, it was now nothing but a form of outworn, discredited colonialism.

Pickersgill is ambivalent about Mackenzie King. It must have been a rewarding experience to serve under such a master politician as King but Pickersgill also found the prime minister to be vain, thin-skinned and vindictive. Even worse, from the point of view of those who served him, he could be brutally inconsiderate. He once, for instance, denied Pickersgill a much-coveted appointment apparently for no other reason than that Pickersgill had taken a short and well-earned holiday after a strenuous election campaign. King expected his staff to dance attendance on him at all hours of the day and night. ("At one time it was considered a privilege to serve the prime minister," he would declaim piteously whenever he found that some unlucky official was not immediately at his beck and call.) Pickersgill could not help but respect King as a politician of surpassing shrewdness and cunning but he withholds admiration from him as a man.

He has no such mixed feelings about King's successor, Louis St. Laurent. "For me," he writes, "St. Laurent remains the greatest Canadian of our time." He credits St. Laurent's governments with an impressive list of accomplishments and he quotes — not, one feels, without a certain amount of justifiable pride — a remark St. Laurent made to him some years after the old statesman had retired from polit-

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ical life: "You know, Jack, I believe you and I together were able to accomplish a good many things for the public good that neither of us could have done by himself."

There is no need, however, to deal here with the 170 pages in the memoirs devoted to Pickersgill's activities in the St. Laurent era since these are, in large part, a recapitulation of Pickersgill's *My Years with Louis St. Laurent* published in 1975. Similarly, the chapters on the rise and fall of John Diefenbaker and the emergence of L.B. Pearson repeat much of what was recounted in *The Road Back* (1986). Pickersgill admits that he is retreading old ground here and says it was done at the suggestion of his publisher. It was probably a wise decision because if these vital years had been left out the memoirs would have seemed fragmentary and incomplete.

In *The Worldly Years,* the second volume of his biography of Pearson, John English has pointed out that Pickersgill's version of the "road back" to power after the 1958 Liberal debacle differs sharply from that offered in the accounts by Tom Kent and Walter Gordon. Kent in particular concentrates on the building up of extra-parliamentary structures and policies during the years in opposition. Pickersgill, on the other hand, focuses on the thrust and parry of the battle in Parliament itself. The road back for him led through the House of Commons.

This, of course, is in no way a criticism of Pickersgill. He was both a liberal of passionate convictions and an immensely skilled and clever politician. For him these are two sides of the same coin. The British historian A.J.P. Taylor once remarked, with rather glib cynicism, that "the true art of politics is to have ideals and to believe in them, but not too much". Whatever truth there may be in this, it does not apply to Pickersgill. There is abundant evidence throughout his career of the strength and sincerity of his convictions but these convictions would have availed little if he had not known so well how to operate the levers of power — if, in other words, he had not been such a consummate politician.

Pickersgill respected Mackenzie King, admired St. Laurent and liked Pearson. He got along well with many of the Tories and even towards Diefenbaker his feelings seem to be nothing worse than an amused disdain, a sentiment which the Chief reciprocated. When he writes of Pierre Trudeau, however, there is a startling change of tone. There is no trace of geniality here but only a steely anger and something very like contempt.

He writes, for instance, that he was "shocked and almost horrified" by Trudeau's threat to ram through patriation of the Canadian Constitution without considering the views of the provinces. He criticizes Trudeau for the contempt he showed for all governments in Quebec, regardless of party. Referring to what he calls Trudeau's "legacy of patronage," he writes scathingly that "his [Trudeau's] utter disregard for the future of the party that had given him 15 years of the highest office in public life was unforgivable". He quotes Premier David Peterson of Ontario as saying, during the Meech Lake debates, that any grade four student knew Quebec was distinct from the other provinces and then adds: "But one universally known and highly influential critic had not yet reached grade four." He leaves no doubt that he is speaking of Pierre Trudeau. Later on, he puts it even more bluntly: "Trudeau was determined to sabotage Meech Lake, and I decided to do whatever I could to help prevent such a disaster."

The defence of Meech Lake was Pickersgill's last battle and the old warrior flung himself into the fray with all his accustomed panache, eloquence and vigour. In lengthy newspaper articles and in other forums he deployed his unrivalled skill in debate and mastery of detail in an attempt to convince the doubters and confound his opponents. As we know, that particular battle was lost but the long campaign to preserve a united Canada is still being waged. It will, it seems, be a protracted war. As Pickersgill's old colleague, Arthur Lower, wrote at the conclusion of *Colony to Nation:* "In every generation Canadians have had to rework the miracle of their political existence."

Seeing Canada Whole is attractively produced, with exceptionally clear type, some interesting family photographs and a good index. Probably the length of the book is partly responsible for the high price but, even so, $45 seems excessive for a paperback. ◆

Robert Saunders is a former member of the Editorial Board of the "Winnipeg Free Press" and a frequent reviewer for "The Beaver" on political and military subjects.

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The Sea War Remembered

By Gavin Murphy

CORVETTES CANADA
Convoy Veterans of WWII
Tell Their True Stories

By Mac Johnston. McGraw-Hill Ryerson, Toronto and Montreal, 1994. 310 pp., illus. $29.95.

This is a fascinating history of the corvettes as told by the men who sailed in them. The book features the recollections of about 250 veterans who served in the Royal Canadian Navy from 1940 to 1945 aboard the corvettes, those convoy escorts that played a vital role maintaining a lifeline to Britain during the Second World War.

Johnston, a former Parliamentary reporter who is currently editor and general manager of *Legion* magazine in Ottawa, has done a superb job in tracking down veterans and getting their stories.

The veterans' comments are essentially published as originally received by Johnston with no excessive editing. This may result in less than flowing prose in some instances, but it does provide for realistic images, a dose of humour mixed in with the tragedy of war and a unique insight into the lifestyle of those who served. Memories fade with the passage of time, but there are two things these veterans never forgot: their brave brothers-in-arms, including those who died in battle or others they haven't seen for over half a century, and the unforgiving weather of the North Atlantic Ocean.

Many of the young men who enlisted after the outbreak of war in 1939 had no naval or merchant marine experience. They came from all regions of Canada and it is often said that some of Canada's best sailors were from the prairies. Over 100,000 Canadians served on navy ships during the war, including 123 corvettes. All who enlisted were volunteers.

There was a price for Canada's contribution. About 2,000 RCN and 1,500 Canadian Merchant Navy personnel perished. So have the corvettes. Only one, H.M.C.S. *Sackville*, survives from that gallant fleet. It is now a restored memorial in Halifax's harbour.

The veterans describe events as if they happened only yesterday. Take the sinking of H.M.C.S. *Charlottetown* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on 11 September, 1942. The *Charlottetown* sank in just three to four minutes after being hit by two torpedoes from U-517. The final toll was 10 dead and 54 saved. This was one of two corvettes sunk by German U-boats on Canada's doorstep during the Battle of the Atlantic.

Lieutenant Dave Jeffreys of the *Charlottetown* remembers:

> I was torpedoed twice in the British merchant service before the sinking of *Charlottetown*, so you see that event was just another unpleasant memory. When the torpedo struck, I was, with past experience, immediately aware what had happened. I just got to the next deck when the second torpedo struck. I made for the boat deck. On arriving there, the vessel's stern was level with the sea and everyone was leaping into the sea. There was not long to go. I immediately followed. Dressed in pyjamas and 'nowt' else, I swam away fast.

Photo by Gavin Murphy

The "Sackville", Canada's last surviving corvette is now a naval memorial in Halifax.

Even with the hardships, few, if any, regretted the experience. Some veterans, such as Jim Sharpe of *Windflower* and Allan McConney of *Wetaskiwin,* describe enemy action without adding that they were awarded a Mention in Dispatches. Veterans believed in teamwork with credit going to all. To a man, they are humble and modest.

Corvettes Canada is a significant contribution to our understanding of Canada's naval history. Corvettes hold a special place in these veterans' hearts and Johnston has successfully tapped into their collective memory to produce this book. It is not a scholarly work with footnotes or an extensive bibliography, but it likely represents the first time many of these veterans have described their war service to a wide audience.

Special praise should also be given for the photos selected for *Corvettes Canada.* Veterans supplied many of them and these rare and mostly unpublished pictures add a valuable human dimension. In the not-too-distant future Canada will have no surviving corvette veterans. When that sad day comes, we will be thankful that Johnston recorded their experiences for all to read in this book. ◆

Gavin Murphy in an Ottawa lawyer and marine enthusiast.

Out of the Shadows

By JEAN MORRISON

IN SEARCH OF MY FATHER
One Woman's Search for the Father She Never Knew

By Marion Elizabeth Fawkes. Natural Heritage/Natural History Inc., Toronto, 1994. 109 pp., illus. $14.95.

After Lord Selkirk and his Des Meurons mercenaries seized Fort William in 1816, he arrested all North West Company partners present and sent them down to Montreal for trial as accomplices in the "massacre of Seven Oaks". All but Daniel McKenzie, that is. This retired Nor'wester he held in the Fort's Common Gaol, a grim dungeon intended for unruly voyageurs, certainly not for gentlemen of the North West Company. Under duress and the influence of alcohol, the hapless prisoner sold Selkirk the company's moveable assets stored at the Fort, trade goods and furs included.

A cousin of Sir Alexander and all the other Mackenzies in the North West Company and, by then, a twenty-five year veteran of the fur trade, Selkirk's captive surprisingly has no entry in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography.* Yet his considerable correspondence in the Selkirk Papers and the voluminous documentation emanating from the Selkirk trials yield much about his career, his disgruntlement with the company's agents (or directors), his role in the Selkirk affair and his reputation as an alleged drunkard. These and other materials also yield tantalizing, though incomplete, data about McKenzie's fur trade family.

At Old Fort William, the living history reconstruction of the NWC's Lake Superior headquarters, the liaisons of traders and voyageurs in marriages "à la façon du nord" have commanded much attention from interpretive staff and visitors alike. This is also true for the genealogies of the resulting progeny. But although something was known of McKenzie's fur-trade marriage with one Margarette Graves and of the resulting offspring, their present-day descendants remained frustratingly elusive. Then Marion Elizabeth Fawkes began, "the search for the father she never saw."

In Search of My Father is the story of that quest. Before Marion's birth in 1917, her father, Sergeant Charles McKenzie Marten of the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles, had embarked for France and was killed there in action. For most of her life, she knew little about her father's ancestry, about the reason for her dark colouring. From childhood she had known of her father's maternal grandfather, Dr. Andrew McKenzie of London, Ontario, but only recently, in William Caniff's *The Medical Profession in Upper Canada* (1894) she found the identity of Andrew's parents, Daniel McKenzie "engaged for years with the North-West Fur Co." and a mysterious Margaret Gray. The unexpected revelation from Old Fort William that Margaret Gray was really Margarette Graves, an Indian or most likely the daughter of an unknown native woman and an early trader, "Booty Graves", not only filled her with delight but seems to be the principal inspiration behind this book.

Fawkes also tries to redeem her great-great-grandfather from his reputation as "a weak-kneed boozer", in Peter C. Newman's words. The

author presents a convincing case. Certainly McKenzie deserves more examination before the jury makes its final verdict. He lies buried in the cemetery of the famous Blue Church, not far from his retirement home at North Augusta north of Brockville. His tombstone, discovered by Mrs. Fawkes' daughter, not only honours the kinship he and his cousin Roderick shared with Sir Alexander but also lists many of Daniel's family, including Margarette and some of their children. That the local historical society renovated the stone in 1923 testifies to his high esteem within his community some ninety years after his death.

Genealogy can be a difficult read and at times this book is no exception, especially as the author introduces other strands in her father's lineage, strands spun in Britain but woven across North America to form a rich tapestry. But the reader must discern all the threads making up its pattern, for the story it tells is of the fashioning of a typical nineteenth-century Canadian family, the type that would lose too many sons in the "War to End Wars". Here are illustrated ordinary Canadians and famed forebears alike. Among the latter are Florence Nightingale through Dr. Andrew McKenzie's wife's family, the Shores of the Talbot Settlement. All are portrayed against the historical backdrop of their times, some as quellers of rebellions, that of William Lyon Mackenzie in 1837, the Fenian Raids and the North West Rebellion of 1885.

Out of such a family came Charles McKenzie Marten, a typical seeker of adventure and opportunity in the Wheat Boom era before the Great War. An Alberta rancher, a Boer War veteran, a merchant seaman, a Chicago-trained mechanic, Marten settled down as a married man in Toronto before enlisting a second time. The book's reproductions of the dreaded telegram and letter of sympathy to his widow are poignant reminders of the over 50,000 such messages Canadian families would receive during the war.

Publisher Barry Penhale is to be commended not only for his usual attention to good design and editing, but also for accepting the manuscript of a first-time author in her mid-seventies. Marion Fawkes, too, deserves praise for her diligence in seeking out this fascinating story and then sharing it in print form. Her mixed-blood ancestry is one cherished by many Canadians today, but one which past generations too often kept suppressed. Almost two decades ago, a distant cousin of Mrs. Fawkes revealed a similar background in *Prologue to Norman: The Canadian Bethunes.* This was Mary Larratt Smith's account of her descent and that of her famous cousin from Nor'wester Angus Bethune and Louisa McKenzie, daughter of a Native woman and Daniel's relative, Roderick McKenzie. More such stories need to be told, for they show that the early mingling of Native and European families in the fur trade remains very much part of Canada's social fabric today.

The Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data provides these subjects for this book: Marten, Charles McKenzie, 1883-1918 — Family; Martin Family; Canada — Genealogy. One wonders how many investigators in fur trade families or Canadian soldiers in the Great War will ever find *In Search of My Father*? ◆

Jean Morrison retired as Old Fort William's historian in 1990. She is a member of the Old Fort William Advisory Committee and the Ontario Geographical Names Board.

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in the future.

Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

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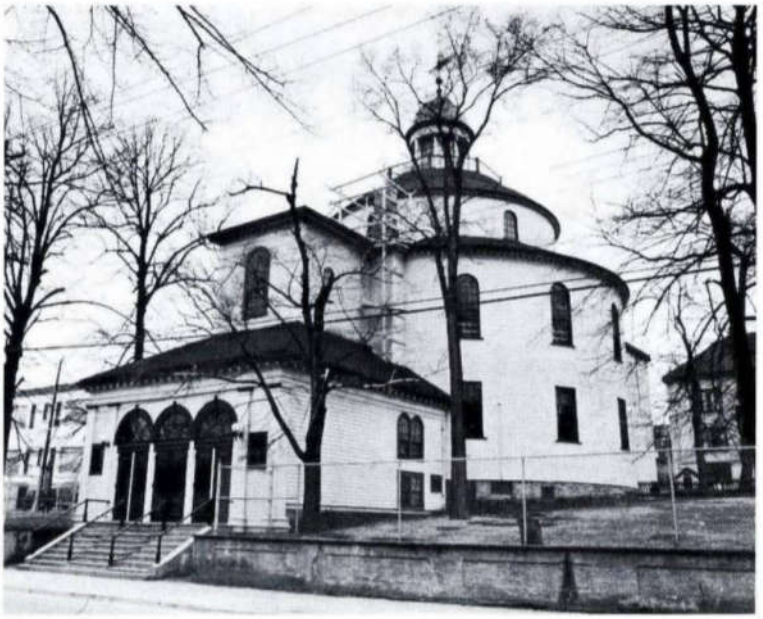
THE PACKET

Letters, Notes and Opinion

The Old Round Church to Rise Again



St. George's Anglican Church in Halifax, scene of a disastrous fire last year, will begin rising from the ashes this spring. The church is not only a national historic site, it is an architectural gem recognized as such throughout the world.

The church is known locally as the Round Church. Round churches were common in Britain in the eighteenth century and were not unknown in Germany. Notable examples on England were St. Paul's in Liverpool, constructed 1763-69; All Saints in Newcastle-on-Tyne, constructed in 1786-89; and St. Chad's in Shrewsbury, constructed 1790-92. St. George's was the first round church built in North America and is the only Palladian round church built of wood.

The church was constructed between 1800 and 1814, although the interior was not completed until 1821. It is believed to have been designed by Edward, Duke of Kent, during his tenure as commander of the British garrison in Halifax. The detailed plans are thought to have been drawn up by William Hughes, a master shipbuilder who acted as purveyor of the duke's household. King George III, the duke's father, contributed £200 to the church's construction, while other moneys were granted by the British and Nova Scotian governments.

REPORT FROM HALIFAX

By Kenneth Stickney

The church was actually built to serve the German-speaking Lutherans who lived in the north end of Halifax at that time. (It is located on Brunswick Street only a block away from Gottingen Street.) The early services were conducted in German, and it was to be many years before the church became Anglican.

As originally constructed, the church was perfectly round in plan. The building was formed in three levels: the lowest contained the nave and the main gallery, the second enclosed the upper gallery and internal dome, and the third contained the belfry and cupola. The church was built of heavy timbers with wood cladding, on a stone foundation.

The building is an apogee of the Georgian, or Palladian, revival of classical architecture. Its decoration is restrained. It has large Venetian windows front and back, classical piers and pilasters, elliptical arches above the gallery and an umbrella-like dome covering the nave. The original arrangement of the pulpit and pews is unknown: all round churches were experimental in this regard.

Various additions and alterations have been made to the church over the years. A portico, vestry, chancel and organ loft have been added to the original round structure. The church came through the Halifax explosion of 1917 fairly intact. The chimney collapsed into the entrance, all of the windows were broken, and the organ was completely shattered, but the main fabric of the church was unharmed. In 1990, as it neared the end of its second century, the church was declared a national historic site.

The church and the community it serves have evolved in a marked manner through the centuries. Originally a German Lutheran church, throughout most of the nineteenth century it was a "low" Anglican church, but in the twentieth century it has become a "high" church. The north end of Halifax was once a prosperous area of the city, but it has become a working-class area, and today many of the parishioners travel a considerable distance to attend church.

The church's charmed existence — rare indeed for a wooden building — came to an end on 2 June 1994, when children playing with matches started a fire in the basement choir room, beneath the entrance stairs. The fire spread to the top of the portico and into the ceiling space above the dome over the nave. By the time the fire was put out, twelve hours later, the entire upper portion of the church was ruined, and the unburned areas had suffered severe water and smoke damage. The church's organ, purchased the previous year, was virtually destroyed. About 30 per cent of the church had burned.

At first if was thought that the building would have to be demolished, but examination showed that it was still structurally sound. Fortunately, an architectural survey of the church was made a decade ago, so a complete set of plans is available.

The cost of the restoration is estimated at $6 million, and since the Anglican Church cannot afford to pay the entire cost, a fundraising campaign has been started. All three levels of government have promised their support, and it is hoped that corporations and individuals will contribute.

The restoration is being supervised by Fowler Bauld Mitchell Ltd., a Halifax architectural firm, and Commonwealth Historic Resource Management Ltd., of Perth, Ontario, and Vancouver. Mac Mackay, a partner in Fowler Bauld Mitchell, says the condition of the church has been stabilized by draping it in reinforced plastic sheeting. The building was heated over the winter so that the water poured on it by firefighters would not freeze and cause further damage. Certain artifacts have been taken out of the building and put into storage. Some conservation work is being done to preserve their finish.

Real restoration work is slated to begin this spring. The first phase will involve replacing the outer fabric of the building so that it is once again weathertight. Mackay estimates the complete restoration will take four years, depending how quickly funding becomes available.

Mackay says that Nova Scotia has undergone a revival in timber construction and, as a result, the restoration poses no technical problems.

"The good thing about the fire is that it didn't destroy all of anything: it destroyed a bit of everything. Patterns survived of all the windows, beams and posts. We can replicate the surviving bits even if we can't re-use them."

Contributions can be made to: St. George's Restoration Fund, 2222 Brunswick St., Halifax, NS, B3K 2Z3. ◆

Kenneth Stickney is a Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, freelance writer.

Irreverent

It was with some dismay that I received the 75th anniversary issue of our magazine. As a long time subscriber with a keen interest in North American history, as well as an interest in the history of "The Company of Adventurers", I found the cover artwork to be quite irreverent and whimsical. I noticed a change in the format of contents also. I sincerely hope that this issue does not portend a change in direction of our publication towards a more "Pop" view of our continent's august history. Perhaps I missed some sort of announcement as to a change in focus for our magazine. If this is the case, would it be possible to get an update as to the plan as it stands today? With a solid ten years of faithful readership, and having used the publication as a springboard for further study, I hope that my concern is taken seriously. I applaud the quality and content of the magazine and hope that we continue the excellent work.

Barry F. Leahy,
Newbury, Maine.

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Canadian Soldier Honoured by the Enemy

Harry Adolph Cochran joined Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry as a reinforcement from 3rd McGill Company on 21 January 1916. During the Battle of Sanctuary Wood, on 2 June 1916, he was critically wounded and was later taken prisoner and sent to a military hospital near Munich. In January 1918, he was in a Prisoner-of-War Camp in Bayreuth and was permitted to work as a "free man" as an agricultural labourer near Heilsbronn. It was during this time, while working one day, that Cochran heard the shouts of several children. He ran to the spot where the children were and discovered that a child had broken through the frozen surface of a pond and had slipped beneath the ice. Cochran immediately crawled onto the ice and found his way to the hole where he was able to pull the three-year-old (surname Gugel) from the pond. He then successfully resuscitated the girl. She certainly would have died had Cochran not taken action.

When the authorities learned of what Cochran did a reward was suggested. The guidelines for any reward were governed by resolution from the Bavarian Ministry of War dated 12 October 1915, which stated prisoners of war would be commended in one of four ways;

1. Letter of commendation from the Minister of War.
2. Free choice of work duties.
3. Permission to write three instead of two letters per month.
4. A cash award.

Cochran's employment and pay did not warrant a cash award and he was already allowed to write three letters a month. He did not want any other job. Accordingly, the following letter of commendation was given to Cochran:

> The Ministry of War acknowledges the courage and resolve shown by the British POW Harry Adolph Cochran from the POW Camp in Bayreuth in saving a 3 year old child by the name of Gugel (surname) from drowning in the Birnbaum Pond in Heilsbronn, District of Ansbach, in January 1918.

Surprisingly, and without any provision, Cochran was also awarded the Bavarian Cross of Military Merit, 3rd Class. He was therefore decorated by the enemy, the only Canadian soldier to have received such a distinction.

Private Cochran was released from the POW Camp after the Armistice was signed. He notified his mother in a letter of 24 December 1918 that he was free and in a military hospital in France. However, his condition worsened due to complications from his injury in 1916, and he died from a lung ailment on 28 December 1918. He is buried at the Military Cemetery in Montebello, France.

Private Cochran's Bavarian Order of Merit and 1914-1915 Star are on display in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Gallery in the Museum of the Regiments, Calgary. Several other artifacts, photographs and documents are in the museum archives.

Captain J.R. Grodzinski,
Calgary Military Museums Society,
Calgary, Alberta.

MacKay

Congratulations on your 75th anniversary issue. It was a pleasure to read. As well, thank you for your kind words about my grandfather, whose relationship to *The Beaver* and the Hudson's Bay Company remains a source of family pride.

Douglas MacKay,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Daily News,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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Baseball

The article on the origins of baseball [*The Beaver*, October/November 1994] reminded me of a game we played in the small community of Dutch Settlement (Halifax County), Nova Scotia in the 1940s. It had more in common with the game described by Dr. Adam Ford than it had with modern baseball.

Because of lack of school-ground space, we had only home, first and second bases. The angle was about 60° or less at home between the baselines. The game was typically played with a sponge rubber ball and a sawmill "edging" as a bat. Old boards or barrel lids did for bases. Sides were chosen by captains from all who wanted to play. There was also the honour system determining whether to swing or not. In the local jargon, the pitcher was the "giver", and swinging was called "offering". Three swings with the catcher catching the ball on one or no bounce was an out. "Balls" were not counted. There were plenty of arguments involving phrases such as *I didn't offer* or, *it's my turn to give.*

When a fair hit was made, a fielder could catch it on the fly or one bounce for an out. If not caught out, the runner was entitled to free passage to second base. Or, if the runner could make it to second base

(via first base) before the ball was caught, he/she was safe. Of course there were home runs, as well. I don't remember what the rules were for foul balls. When a runner was on second base, he/she could steal or go home as soon as another batter hit safely. Runners could be put out if a fielder tagged or hit him/her with the thrown ball. It was bad form to throw the ball at the smaller players, but you could usually catch up with them and tag them.

The school was small, so the teams were mixed in age and sex. Sometimes when older boys were playing (they usually stood back to laugh) they changed the rules to their advantage during play. I'm sure that taught the younger ones something about life.

This game has so much in common with early forms of baseball that I suspect it goes back at least to the last century.

Neil Isenor,
Waterloo, Ontario.

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MUSEUM PROFILE

ROYAL BRITISH COLUMBIA MUSEUM

THE ROYAL BRITISH COLUMBIA MUSEUM is hosting *Empires Beyond the Great Wall: The Heritage of Genghis Khan* from March 31 to September 10, 1995. Victoria, British Columbia is the only Pacific Northwest venue on the exhibit's North American tour.

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All the permanent exhibits at the Royal British Columbia Museum provide once-in -a-lifetime experiences. Vibrant dioramas recreate scenes from the Pacific Northwest rainforest and the beautiful seascapes of the Pacific Ocean in the *Living Land, Living Sea* exhibit. Stroll through *Old Town*, and experience a turn-of -the- century train station, relax in the silent movie theatre, or catch the savoury smells from the frontier-style kitchen.

Environmental Expeditions by the RBCM offer exciting adventures exploring the natural

Gold-gilded bronze funerary mask. Liao dynasty, 907 to 1125 AD. Collection of Zhelimu League Museum.

wonders of British Columbia. Take a 10-day sailing cruise through the spectacular Queen Charlotte Islands or enjoy a day trip exploring the westcoast sea life of Barkley Sound. The RBCM's Environmental Expeditions run annually from March until November.

The Royal British Columbia Museum is located at 675 Belleville Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4. For general Museum information, call 1-800-661-5411.

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- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, Quebec
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John, New Brunswick

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Canada's National History Society

The Problem of the Hyphen

Franca Iacovetta admits she hasn't finished reading Neil Bissondath's book *Selling Illusions*. And it's unlikely Bissondath has read Iacovetta's book *Such Hardworking People*. But the two books can't help speaking to each other. They provide startlingly different entry points to the bubbling debate about Canada's cultural diversity. The contradiction between them seemed so glaring that I recently approached a few practitioners of multicultural history to see how they feel about the embattled status of their discipline.

Iacovetta and Bissondath are both successful youngish intellectuals from immigrant backgrounds, but there the similarities seem to stop. Bissondath, who if he chose could attach to himself a truckload of hyphens — immigrant-East Indian-Trinidadian-Canadian-of-colour-living-in-Quebec — has devoted a significant part of his recent career to rejecting all such labels. He is a novelist and story writer, but his 1994 essay *Selling Illusions* has become a key text in the growing debate about multiculturalism.

The chief illusion-vendor targeted by Bissondath is the Canadian Multiculturalism Act of 1971, which committed Canada to respect the right of all Canadians to preserve "their cultural heritage." Bissondath is not particularly concerned about the money Ottawa spends on multiculturalism, and he is scathing about the bigotry behind many criticisms of the policy. He is convinced, however, that multiculturalism stereotypes people by their ethnic origin. He argues it cheapens and simplifies complicated matters of identity. Above all, he warns, multiculturalism can only be divisive. It makes impossible "a Canada where inherent differences and inherent similarities mold easily."

Bissondath wants to be himself and a citizen and refuses to be pushed beyond that into any ethnocultural ghetto. Multiculturalism, he writes, "has done — and can do — nothing to foster a factual and clear-minded vision of our neighbours."

Which brings us to *Such Hardworking People*, Franca Iacovetta's scholarly study of Italian immigrants in postwar Toronto. One aspect of Canadian multicultural policy in the last quarter century has been the funding of research and publication in ethnic studies, and the field has blossomed under the flow of federal money. Professor Iacovetta researched her book with the support of Multiculturalism grants and Multiculturalism Canada subsidized her publisher as well. She has held a chair in ethnic studies of a kind frequently subsidized by government funds. And her academic career may well have benefited from the affirmative action universities now practice in order to raise the pitifully small numbers of women and minorities in their faculties. *Such Hardworking People*, in other words, is one of a shelf of historical studies that grew up under the auspices of official multiculturalism.

"You know, the reality of pluriculturalism is the basis of Canada"

It is also a quite remarkable piece of history. Indeed, it does precisely what Bissondath declares to be impossible, namely to foster "a factual and clear-minded vision of our neighbours."

Built from a mass of archival sources and Iacovetta's dozens of interviews (in English and a range of Italian dialects), *Such Hardworking People* studies the experience of the many thousands of unskilled and almost illiterate immigrants who came to postwar Toronto from the southern Italian peasantry. It explores how they came to Toronto, how it changed them and how they changed it. It follows the men to dangerous work sites in the booming construction trades, the women to garment factories and hotel kitchens. It explores how family dynamics and the self-images of women and men changed under Canadian conditions, and it documents how the immigrants gradually changed the trades unions, the Catholic Church, and ultimately the fabric of the city itself.

Though it follows the forms of academic scholarship, the book was shaped by autobiography. Iacovetta was born to one of those immigrant couples in a crowded, multifamily Toronto household at a time when Italian immigrants were considered useful as cheap, unskilled labour but otherwise as dangerous, disruptive and alien. Today, not yet forty, Iacovetta is a university professor, a securely middle-class professional

married to a fellow academic of Anglo Saxon background. Her situation provides a subtext to her study, a barely mentioned measure of the achievement of her parents' generation, the people whose weary end-of-the-day refrain "Siamo lavoratori forte," she translated for the title of her book.

"I like to talk of 'the new immigration history' as a label we could apply to a lot of the work of the last ten or fifteen years," says Iacovetta. "It's really the social history of immigrants, from their perspectives, observing their motives, their strategies." She thinks its crucial achievement is to see immigrants as agents of history, shaping their own lives and changing Canada at the same time. "It's a long way from the old Donald Creighton view, where immigration was part of the great nation-building process, but where the immigrants themselves hardly figured."

Iacovetta doesn't believe the effect of immigration history is to build ghettos or reinforce ethnic stereotypes. "Studying the minorities *is* thought of as being just politically correct. But I think we study the diversity that really is central to Canadian society. It is legitimate history. The cultural diversity created by immigration really has had its impact on Canadian society. And it needs to be understood as such."

Iacovetta is undoubtedly right: this is real history. For anyone who knows Toronto (or, really, any Canadian city), *Such Hardworking People* explores a vital and vitally interesting part of how today's cities were made. And it is not so far from the historical mainstream, either. Much of contemporary scholarship is sensitive to ethnicity, along with class and gender, as crucial factors shaping contemporary society — so much so, in fact, that one might argue that ethnic history should compete on its merits for research funding like any other branch of scholarship.

Bruno Ramirez of the Université de Montréal, whose recent book *On the Move* compares Italian migrants to Canada with francophone migrants from Quebec into Maine and Massachusetts ("Canada has been a source of immigrants, as well as a recipient"), is another practitioner of immigrant history. He is also a screenwriter, whose 1992 film *La Sarrazine,* about immigrants and Montrealers at the turn of the century, won ten Genie nominations and was hailed at the Berlin Film Festival.

Like Iacovetta, he is convinced of the centrality of ethnocultural history. "Pluri-cultural relations simply are important, and must be studied," says Ramirez, whose daily work environment is trilingual. "You know, the reality of pluriculturalism is the basis of Canada."

Do practitioners like Iacovetta and Ramirez line up to defend official multiculturalism against the attacks of Neil Bissondath, and the Reform Party, and its many other critics? Not with the vigour you might expect. "Certainly I'm not disturbed to see the policy of multiculturalism criticized," says Iacovetta. "That knee-jerk reaction, that to be against multiculturalism is to be racist, is a real problem." Iacovetta says she knows only too well Bissondath's experience of being trapped in someone else's ethnic stereotypes, and Ramirez recalls how he felt when the National Film Board categorized *La Sarrazine* as ethnic cinema. "Would they classify Francis Ford Coppola or Martin Scorsese that way?"

Other scholars defend official multiculturalism more vigorously. Irving Abella, co-author of *None is Too Many,* a study of Canada's anti-semitic immigration policies, declares, "Both as an historian and

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as president of the Canadian Jewish Congress, I can say that intolerance is the greatest growth industry in the world today." He argues that official multiculturalism is both an urgently needed antidote to that and a boon in its own right. "Cultural pluralism is an asset."

Bruno Ramirez, however, recalls how his mentor, the late historian Robert Harney, "used to call the funding of ethnocultural groups 'ethnogenesis:' creating ethnic organizations and self-proclaimed leaders by government clientage. It's not the principle but the politics I dislike, the obvious vote-getting aspect of the programs."

Ramirez thinks official multiculturalism's funding of research and publication on ethnic and immigrant issues "has been the most successful and the most legitimate of all its work," the part least tainted by Bissondath's charges of ghetto-building. The problem with that — apart from the self-interest Ramirez acknowledges — is the question of its impact.

Ironically, the book by Bissondath the novelist is based on old newspaper clippings and accumulated resentments, while the book by Iacovetta the academic scholar is a much more carefully observed portrait of human complexity. But it's no surprise that *Selling Illusions*, by far the most influential book recently published on multicultural issues, is oblivious to the existence of work like hers. Today's specialized academic scholarship rarely seems to influence cultural and intellectual discussion. How can we benefit from funding such work if no one hears of it?

Ultimately Iacovetta accepts as a reality the hyphenization that infuriates Bissondath. Where Bissondath insists ethnic identity can only trivialize, Iacovetta observes, "My identity *is* fluid. I note the difficulty of being an Italo-Canadian and a woman who is also middle-class and professional — particularly when I talk with colleagues and realize the only other person from my background they know is their cleaning lady!

"I agree that diversity is no goal, no end in itself. We need somehow to work out common rules, common citizenship. But the common rules have to take note of the other people who now want to insert themselves.

"The issue is how to recognize difference in a way that does not entrench discrimination. It's a difficult issue." ◆

Such Hardworking People was published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 1992 and reprinted in paperback in 1993. *Selling Illusions*, a Penguin paperback, was published in 1994. Preparing this article, I was also impressed by *Interests of State* (McGill-Queen's, 1993), an analysis of the costs and benefits of multiculturalism and other "citizenship" policies by political scientist Leslie A. Pal.

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THE SOCIETY

Support To Societies

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY has begun a program with the principal historical associations in each province to enable them to either enhance a program or undertake a new one. In either case, the support is to be used to further an appreciation and awareness of history in the province, thereby doing provincially what the Society is aiming to do nationally.

Under the terms of the program the Society will provide up to $5000 a year, for a three-year period, to the principal historical association in each province provided it meets the criteria established for the program. The initiative is being introduced in five provinces in 1995 and, subject to a favourable review, will be expanded to include the remaining provinces next year.

Under Consideration

THE SOCIETY is investigating a number of activities to further popularize Canadian history and make Canadians more aware of what a rich heritage they have. Currently under consideration are:

- a national program to recognize outstanding high school teachers of Canadian history;
- a joint venture for a major radio series on Canadian history;
- a series of popular history articles for use by Canadian weekly newspapers. This program is currently being tested in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta;
- participation in a proposed ten-part television series on Canadian history aimed at a general audience;
- a co-publishing venture with the Canadian Historical Association to assist it in continuing and expanding its bilingual series of pamphlets on Canadian history.

Any suggestions of other activities the Society might consider would be most welcome.

Thank You

THE SOCIETY wishes to acknowledge, with thanks, the support it receives from the Hudson's Bay History Foundation. The principal funding for the Society's activities is from the Foundation and that support is subject to an annual request for funds. The Society has received grants from the Foundation for the last two years.

The Hudson's Bay History Foundation was established in 1994 as a result of gifts by The Bay to the Province of Manitoba of its corporate archives and museum collection. These unique historical treasures generated a substantial tax saving to the company which it put to work in the name of heritage by establishing the Foundation. The Foundation ensures funding for the future care and management of the gifts and also provides support to the Society.

Volume Discounts

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB was established last year to afford members of the Society an opportunity to buy Canadian history and biography books at discount prices. The Canadian publishers approached embraced the concept enthusiastically and the Society assumed its members would be interested, too; members, after all, are subscribers to *The Beaver*, the popular history magazine that explores Canada's past. Still, it was a test; it had never been done before but it was a test that proved positive. Response to the club, when it made its debut in the 75th anniversary issue of *The Beaver*, was very gratifying and prompted several repeat orders to all the publishers and for most of the titles offered.

While the number of titles advertised is limited, as may always be the case because of space in the magazine or titles available from publishers, it is the Society's intention to add new books that meet the criteria established for the Club and as they become available each year.

Feedback

OUR THANKS to D. W. Fleming of Aylmer Ontario who pointed out the incorrect spelling of Saint John, New Brunswick. It appears as St. John on Society membership cards and will be corrected when the cards are reprinted later this year.

Susan Thompson, mayor of Winnipeg, writes:

I would like to take this opportunity to write and express my most heartfelt praise and congratulations for the work ... your Society has done with regards to preserving and promoting Canadian history.

As a Winnipegger, I am even more proud to have this Society located in our beautiful and historic city.

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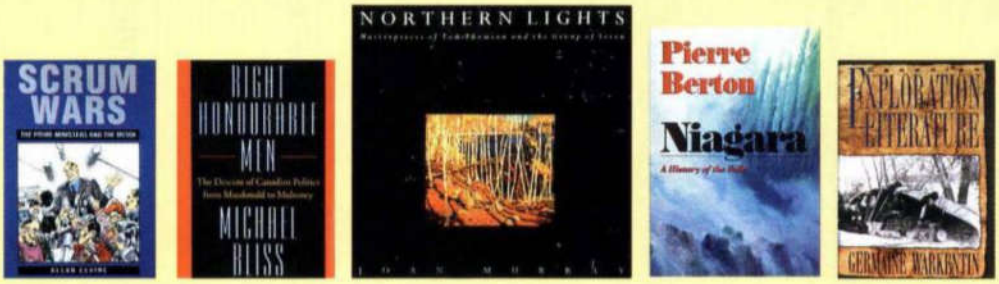

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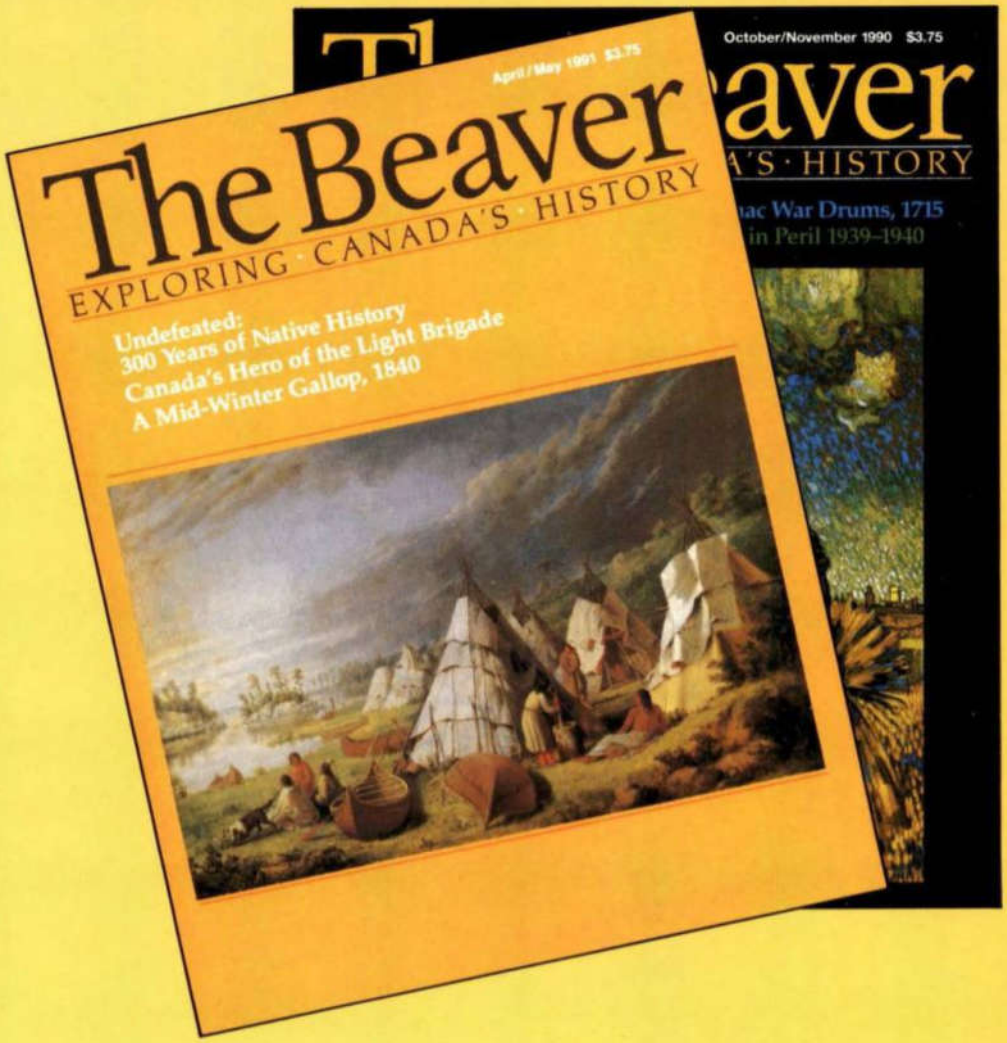

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